THE COMMONWEAL

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THE WILL TO PEACE

A STATEMENT on disarmament has been issued by the Committees on Ethics and on International Law and Organization of the Catholic Association for International Peace, based on the letter on the same subject sent to all the Catholic bishops of the world by the Pope on October 2, and this journal has been asked to comment upon it. We do so in a spirit of the gravest responsibility. Never before have we asked our readers to consider our opinions, for what they may be worth, more earnestly, more thoughtfully.

For the occasion is of a gravity, of a momentous nature, exceeding that of all other issues and problems now pressing in such numbers upon the troubled, almost distracted minds, the anxious hearts, and the burdened souls of a world brought to judgment. We think that this is so because the best-informed man in the world, the man who stands in the center of the innermost circle of the news of the world, of the problems of the world, and of responsibility for influencing those problems, has taken action in regard to world disarmament of a totally unprecedented character. We refer to the Pope's exhortation to the bishops, "that with all the means at your disposal, both by preaching and the press, you seek to illumine minds and to open hearts on this matter according to the solid dictates of right reason and of the Christian law." In substance, of course, that is what every Pope since Peter has instructed his bishops to do in regard to each and all of the matters brought to their attention. But there is—or so it seems to us—a tremendous new significance in the latest encyclical from Rome. It consists in the urgency, the directness, of the words in which the Pope tells the leaders of the Church that what they should do they should do quickly: "with all the means at your disposal, both by preaching and the press." Words are never used in a papal letter without the most earnest consideration of their meaning and their effect. And in this letter the Pope does not say to the bishops, "Use the Catholic press"; he says, "Use the press." And when he says, in addition to singling out the greatest of all instruments for influencing public opinion, the press, that they should employ all other means at their disposal, surely he must have meant the radio, and public addresses, and word of mouth communications in those personal and private contacts and meetings which count for so much in the making or breaking of peace.

In short, it is plain that the Pope has directed the whole available power of the world-wide Catholic

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Church outward, so to speak, upon the world—upon its organs of influence, its instruments of policy, upon its leaders, and even more directly upon its people as a whole, in a great effort to stop another war, the shadow of which is so close and so heavy and so black. We need say nothing, in this place, concerning the spiritual right, and the duty, of the head of the universal Catholic Church to strive for peace; that may be taken for granted; but we think it is strictly a part of our work as journalists to say something about certain facts of great practical importance which ought to help our readers to estimate the Pope's letter, and the statement of the Catholic Association for International Peace, at something like their pressing significance.

And these are the facts: namely, that no international news agency, neither the European Havas Agency nor the American Associated Press, nor any great newspaper, neither the London *Times* nor the New York *Times,* nor any department of international affairs, neither the British Foreign Office nor the United States Department of State, is so closely, intimately, continuously in touch with the forces and events which affect peace or war in the world as the Vatican. For in addition to its own widespread diplomatic service, and information which it derives from the diplomats of most of the nations represented at the Vatican, the Holy See is the center of a world-wide system of information derived through mission reports, and reports from bishops and apostolic delegates, and other sources. Missionaries and priests all over the world, more closely in touch with the hopes and fears, with the actual living conditions, of the mass of the people in all countries than perhaps any other class of men, tell their superiors what they know, and it is passed on to Rome. So that when Rome speaks to the world, whether the world agrees or disagrees with the religious principles which inspire Rome's utterances, it would do well to heed the actual warning. And the actual warning now is so grave, the menace of war so great, as to overshadow all other problems.

As the statement of the Catholic Association for International Peace, based upon the Holy Father's apostolic letter, sums up the situation in a way which our own comment cannot possibly make more impressive, or more lucid, now that we have given our own reasons for regarding both apostolic letter and statement as emergency measures, we shall quote the main portion of the statement in full:

"The leading statesmen of the world have, with practically unanimous voice, declared that the limitation of armaments, popularly called 'disarmament,' is the most vital political problem of this generation. The President of the United States has stated that of all the proposals for economic rehabilitation he knows of none that compares in necessity or importance with the successful result of the coming disarmament conference. The governments of the great powers are weighed down by their armaments more than ever before and would welcome relief from the burden.

"Until recently the race for armaments had been pretty generally ignored as a cause of the present 'extraordinary crisis,' to use Pius XI's words again. Men did not seem to realize that the billions of dollars annually spent on monstrous armies and navies might have provided the necessaries of life for millions of the unemployed or might have been expended upon beneficent public works, such as hospitals for the moneyless sick or decent dwellings for the homeless. The bounden duty of the nations to disburse the public funds through such works of genuine charity, rather than to squander them upon instruments of mutual slaughter, is too plain to require more than the barest mention.

"What His Holiness calls the 'unbridled race for armaments' is well known to be a continuous and powerful incitation to war. Far from preventing war, competitive armaments bring it nearer and make it more probable, indeed, inevitable. Hence the grave and urgent obligation of all the great states to discontinue this suicidal competition.

"The meeting of the governments in Geneva next February presents an opportunity to reduce armaments the world over. The peoples of the world, overburdened during these years of burdens by the tremendous cost of the machinery of war, will turn toward this meeting in the hope that it will reduce all round the costs of war preparation and that in a mutual good-will it will advance the general cause of world peace. If this conference succeeds, it will be because of a growth in the mutual confidence of the nations that they need not dread war soon.

"Yet in the process of seeking progressive world disarmament the American people will more and more hear the appeal of nations that demand a guarantee of the security of what they hold are their vital interests. The American people will meet more and more the demand for international consultation and coöperation in the face of the fears of many of the countries that should they reduce their arms they will be attacked by nations more advantageously situated.

"Each nation proclaims that its armaments are intended only for defensive purposes, that it has no designs upon its neighbor but that it must be prepared against the danger of attack by others. But as the attack can only come from another state which is itself asserting its desire to disarm if it were not for its own need of protection, the excuse seems somewhat paradoxical. The nations seem caught within a vicious circle; each arms against the other and the resulting competition merely adds to mutual suspicion of each other's motives; each alleges defense as its object and transfers to some other nation the designs of aggression without which defense is meaningless.

"Some reduction of armaments is possible even in the face of these fears. Clearly the limitation of armaments can proceed only by degrees; and as each successive reduction is made it is reasonable to hope for a greater degree of confidence between the nations which in turn may make the next reduction easier. Yet

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disarmament is finally bound up with mutual confidence in international security.

"The two ideals of peace and justice are correlative and each is a condition of the attainment of the other. What the world must come to see is that a settlement by some form of conciliation or arbitration is infinitely to be preferred to war, that existing wrongs should find a hearing and redress be obtained before a common forum of the nations, that national security should be guaranteed by that concerted action of one and all against the aggressor, and that the individual welfare of each state is closely related to the welfare of other states. Then disarmament conferences will consist not in a struggle over ratios of individual armament but in a decision how each may use its limited forces to uphold the authority of the community as a whole.

"It is an elementary moral principle that obligations are in proportion to capacity. The United States is in a position to do more toward reduction of world armaments than any other nation, perhaps more than all other nations combined. Our country is uniquely powerful, industrially, financially and politically. It is morally obliged to use these resources of leadership. In the second place, our nation is in a position to set the example of reduction with less risk than faces any other nation. We are in less danger and less likelihood of armed attack. Hence our obligation is exceptional in its depth and urgency.

"The appeals for reduction of armaments which were made by Pope Benedict XV in August, 1917, and December, 1918, went unheeded by the nations. Now his great successor issues a similar appeal, but addresses it primarily to the bishops of the Catholic Church. . . . The duty of American Catholics to promote disarmament, 'according to the solid dictates of right reason and of the Christian law,' is now beyond question, or hesitation, or controversy. They have before their eyes the authoritative judgment and the binding command of the Vicar of Christ."

If the warning is not heeded there will be war or revolution—in fact, both—throughout the world. This is not prophecy: it is simply logic. But we are not puppets of blind fate: with our minds illumined and our hearts opened by the Vicar of Christ, our will to peace shall prevail.

WEEK BY WEEK

WE SHALL have to get more and more accustomed to seeing Asia disregard the frowns of the West. That there has been severe fighting in Manchuria, on a scale perhaps as great as that normal in ceaseless Chinese warfare, nevertheless came as relatively surprising news. It had been assumed that the pleas and virtual orders dispatched from Geneva would make a strong impression on Tokio; and there were moments at least when the Japanese government seemed quite amenable. Not that Geneva distinguished itself in any way. To our mind, the international machinery set in motion to handle this difficulty has creaked and sputtered audibly. Even now it is an open question whether it is the League, supported by the United States, which is insisting that Japan and China negotiate, or whether it is Mr. Stimson supported by the League. Of course the interests at stake and the possibilities involved are tremendous. The pacification of China would seem to depend upon whether existing treaties are respected on both sides, and of course the Japanese method of enforcing regard for agreements is the worst conceivable. But whether the counsel of arbitration so far supplied by Europe and America is the right brand is doubtful. We ourselves believe that what is needed in this case is not so much a program right in principle but a diplomacy right and tactful in application.

Noise on the Eastern Front

RESULTS in this year's off-elections were too scattered and meager to be of any great advantage to the political prophet. The trend, if any, was away from the powers-that-be and toward Democracy. New Jersey, New York and Michigan alike reflected the dent made in the civic skull by thoughts concerning depression. On the other hand, organized party memberships usually stand pat in local elections, unless something extraordinary is toward. In New York City the armies of Tammany scored a larger number of touchdowns than ever before, despite the valiant efforts of Messrs. Seabury and Thomas. Our guess is that the last-named gentleman will never signify more to the nation's metropolis than an uncommonly good critic whose work is appreciated by those fastidious about such things. Nor would the first seem to be, from the voter's point of view, more than a genial contributor to the news of the day. Republicanism in New York has allowed itself to become identified with the more exclusive clubs, which, while not a fault, is hardly good sales talk in the diverse boroughs. What Gotham needs by way of civic alarm-clock is not nice people and editorials in the *Times* (or THE COMMONWEAL), but a first-class, plain, rough, honest, burry burgher inside Tammany or outside it who carries a jolt in his strong right hand. Anyhow, the most interesting incident of the elections was Mr. Smith's curious endeavor to contravene Governor Roosevelt. If that sort of thing continues in Democracy's ranks, we place our bets on the next President somewhere in the West.

What the Voters Did

Dr. Ryan on the Depression

A STIMULATING rallying-cry to immediate and manly grappling with the national crisis, is sounded by Dr. John A. Ryan in the *Catholic World*. Dr. Ryan allows for the international factors in the matter, reviewing favorably the standard remedies: abandonment of excessive tariffs, and cancellation of reparations. But the nub of his contention is that "the American depression began without

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any influence from abroad, and at least nine-tenths of it can disappear without any help from that source. . . . We are equipped to produce an excess of *all* the staple commodities." The things imperatively needed to maintain our consuming power, and well within our scope for immediate adoption, are public works on a large scale, higher wages and reduced working time. Dr. Ryan will, of course, be challenged here by many who agree with his main thesis: we ourselves would at least await a demonstration that higher wages are uniformly possible, and a canvassing of the several aspects of a public-works program, including the non-productive nature of many such works. But in essence and emphasis Dr. Ryan is right—solidly, unequivocally right. We are a fabulously rich nation, even now, and hence our unemployment situation is morally intolerable. No difficulty of economic engineering justifies us in timidity or temporizing. No fact or rumor of universal wo can rightly check us until we have exhausted our boasted initiative and resourcefulness in a resolute effort to rediffuse human well-being among our own. It is too true that, in view of the comparative simplicity of our problem and the nullity of our positive efforts so far, "in the presence of the economic miseries of Europe, in the presence of the baffling international problems, our proper attitude is . . . [one] of self-accusation, chagrin and humility."

The Best of Us

IT WAS Mr. Chesterton's conviction, on last leaving us, that whatever we lack, we do have real democracy. Not equality of opportunity, nor equality of fortune, nor even equality of the minimum needs of a bare decent living, but nevertheless a basic, ineluctable belief in the common significance of men merely as men. Burns expressed the idea in some famous verses, but Burns was one of the people: what Mr. Chesterton found unusual here was the more or less unconscious acceptance of the idea by the privileged as well as the poor. We of this magazine are glad to concur; and it seems to us that the ready American charity, the genuine emotion of compassion which any plea of distress quickly evokes, is in one of its aspects a mark of this profound fellow-feeling. It is not, in the main, apt to be either aristocratic pity or duty-doing philanthropy. It is something that much more nearly resembles the sentiment of neighborliness—a curious enough concomitant, we readily admit, of the swollen American fortune and the crushing American city. A new instance is the tone of the best pleas now being made for emergency relief. Not even the necessary regimentation of the forces of appeal, nor the stereotyping of the slogans, quite succeeds in giving a perfunctory or patronizing note to these pleas. And some of them rise above this danger so wholly as to be real manifestoes of the classic democratic temper.

SUCH a one was Mr. Owen D. Young's speech on the radio. "Those who are close to my heart and yours," he said, "are the truly unemployed. . . . They are conscientious and able and willing to work when there is work to do. They are American citizens like you and me—bone of our bone, thought of our thought, conscience of our conscience—who through the turn of this wheel of fortune find themselves out of a job, their earnings gone, their savings exhausted. They are the victims. . . . You will not find them in breadlines or soup kitchens or in public lodging-houses, unless extreme hunger or cold drive them there. . . . They must be searched out by friendly and sympathetic hands. They must be made to understand that they are not the recipients of our charity. Their morale must not be broken by humiliating them with our gifts. We must let them know that we know they are the victims of our disorganized economic machine. I appeal to you as citizens . . . to make it your business to see that no person or family of your acquaintance or within your reach suffers either from physical want or undue mental strain, or serious loss of self-respect, in the great emergency which confronts us." Words like these heal no bruises, of course. All the work is yet to do—of helping these suffering ones through this calamity first, and second, of redressing the economic order which has made the calamity possible. But it should be a matter for profound thanksgiving that words like these indicate the basis on which, and the motive for which, most of our fellow citizens will act; that they can be spontaneously uttered, and spontaneously understood, as a deeply natural thing. We begin to see, rather clearly perhaps, that we have not made a full or just use of our national heritage of ideals, but at least we have not yet lost it.

Liturgical Art

FOR THE four days beginning November 18, the eighteenth annual exhibition of the St. Hilda Guild will be held at 131 East 47th Street in New York. Church vestments, altar vestures and furniture, architectural renderings, stained glass and sculpture will be shown. A distinguished board of directors has furthered the object of the guild, which is not only to disseminate information about the traditions and aesthetics of liturgical art, but also to produce it. Ralph Adams Cram is president, the Reverend T. Lawrason Riggs, vice-president, and Wilfrid E. Anthony, secretary. John G. Agar, the Reverend Joseph Patton McComas, Mrs. A. G. Connett and Miss Harriet Bronson complete the board. To those who are somewhat acquainted with the questions of style in vestments, it may be of interest to know that the guild endorses the Renaissance chasuble equally with the Gothic chasuble, insisting only that it shall be of good material and color and design, and not skimped into what is popularly known as the fiddle-back chasuble. The Gothic garment, it believes, however, most nearly approaches the type of cloak worn at the time of Our Lord's passion, which is thought to have been the coat without a seam that Christ must have worn on

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the way to Calvary, that was stripped from Him, and for which the soldiers cast lots.

ESPECIAL emphasis for historic and symbolic reasons is placed by the guild on the use of linen in albs and surplices and altar vestures, and it rather disparages the use of lace as being a profane innovation suggestive more of ostentation and femininity than of the simple and dignified raiments which Christ wore when on earth. In anticipation of some of our readers being led by this notice to visit the guild show, we might warn them against a hasty impression that there is not very much to see. The guild's quarters are not extensive. The exhibition will not be large, but what there is, will be of that superlative quality that is largely a matter of attention to details. The connoisseur of these things will appreciate them without need of any warning, but for the larger numbers of the interested but uninitiated we might suggest that they secure the assistance of one of the members of the guild who will be present at the exhibition and who will gladly explain to them matters that will greatly increase their appreciation of the richness of beauty, of tradition and of symbolism with which the Catholic Church respectfully and affectionately invests the worship of an almighty and infinitely creative God and the memorialization of the life and purpose of the Son of Man.

Speculative Mechanics

THE IDEA of getting from New York to Paris in less than half the time which it now takes to get from New York to Chicago, is an intriguing one in many respects. Under such circumstances it would be feasible to hop over for the week-end, or for one's two weeks' summer vacation. Of course the attractions of the storied and mellowed Old World might become completely obliterated under a mass of tourists, but by such time it would be reasonable to expect that a kind of restlessness will have been imparted to human nature that will keep people hopping about from place to place like fleas, and thereby narrow the time impact of their presence in any given place. The occasion for these reflections is the announcement by the French Air Minister, of the development of a new motor which will drive a combat plane 217 miles an hour. It is called a "super-compressed engine" and one weighing 1,000 pounds will develop 800 horsepower, a ratio of weight to power which indeed is extraordinary. On the strength of them, M. Dumesnil said, "Within ten years hermetically sealed airplanes will cross the Atlantic at a height of from ten to twelve miles in five hours flying time." This is very possible, yet it is our own shrewd suspicion that this event will take place not through the development beyond present limits of the internal combustion engine, but through the discovery of a new source of power which will as radically affect our civilization of the future, as steam and gasoline and electricity affected the old horse and hand and sail power era.

CHILDREN AND TRADITION

POSSIBLY the gravest indictment which can be brought against contemporary civilization is that children are out of place in it. With the aged they form a mighty army which merely clutters up existence, merely saps the vitality of the working group in the full flush of matured strength. This contention, supported by a good deal of evidence, is surely grave enough. Notice, for instance, the development of modern mass education. When we assume that a man or woman has just about twenty-five earning years, everything depends on how much he or she can actually make during those years. And it follows that if eight further semesters of study, or even sixteen, can really prepare the eighteen-year-old high school graduate to go and get more efficiently, nobody excepting a fool will avoid them. Of course the actual value of these semesters is now, when all the professions are crowded, less obvious than it was a decade ago; but the drift to higher schools continues, first because something set in motion is hard to stop and second because there is really nothing else for the youngsters to do.

We begin with this fact because we wish to emphasize the extraordinary, often hardly realized effort which the modern world has made to get its younger citizens off its hands. Anyone who sets out to acquire a picture of what the situation was fifty years ago will have to stretch his imagination to the breaking-point. Then a school system was only beginning to make a dent on the ingrained tendency of peasant civilization toward illiteracy. Under such a civilization the family is an economic unit, and hardly much else. It is a little human ant-hill, given to burrowing into the soil and laying up such treasure as it can amass. The Abbé Roux's splendid if forgotten book likewise made it clear that the peasant's spiritual universe does not extend beyond certain conventions, though these may be highly respected and dearly loved; and therefore learning as such is a small enough matter inside it.

Wherever the industrial system attacks such a civilization, it manifests itself first of all in a seemingly callous disregard of women and children. In the Southern states of not long ago, little tots worked all day in horrible factories; and it was only gradually that humanitarian impulses, combined with the rights of labor, succeeded in abolishing such practices. But the peasant was really following his own law into a practice incompatible with it: he did not see that children working on the farm, in unison with the family and under age-old conditions, were totally different beings from children forced to attune their efforts to the rhythm of a machine. So great is the cupidity and cruelty of human nature that this error would probably not have been rectified, had it not been that the machine was actually displacing human energy at a tremendous pace—that soon there would not be room for any other servants than mature men and women. At any rate, society then began to develop those astonish-

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ing institutions for the rearing of children which now seem to prove themselves ends in their own right. The nursery, the school, the playground, the "movement," have little by little segregated children so effectively that an idea new to the human race presented itself: Should not these institutions have entire charge of the younger citizens, under some such ideal as now prevails in Russia?

Countless debates have been dedicated to this problem, not including the plays of Mr. Shaw. One of the most recent of these—in which Bertrand Russell and Sherwood Anderson figured—is a case in point. Not one of us but shared in his heart the conclusions advanced by Mr. Anderson, who declared that children must not be standardized like cigarettes, that the family is the natural abode of the race, and that teachers in institutions might develop all the faults now attributed to parents. Nevertheless our heads tell us that Dr. Russell is right—that the things children need to do cannot be done in a three-room apartment, where the companionship of their kind is missing and out of which they cannot go without exposing themselves to hazards and influences of the most dangerous sort. Dr. Russell is correct because we have already gone far toward proving him correct. Even the modern city family itself eliminates children as nearly as it can, and the inventions of technology do their part in eliminating more! If there is any logic in anything, the sequiturs of an industrial age are quite clear in this respect.

But it may be that parents have submitted to a process the premises of which are less inevitable than the consequences. We Catholics at least cling to the notion that children and married life go together; and when we mean what we say we likewise mean that the happiness of the father and mother, their share in the bliss of personality on earth, depends upon the little hearts outreached to them. Yet our thinking, so just and even so loyal to all beauty of which the world has memory, seems to run aground on deterministic flint. If the circumstances under which families live—their domestic, economic and social conditions of being—decree the almost childless household inside which it is scarcely possible to live as a child, then is there not something in the world's structure which forbids our faith, or even the blossoming of our happiness? That question stares us in the face. It cannot be answered by appealing to theoretical otherworldliness. The Divine Will must be done on earth as it is in heaven; it is, today as yesterday, the suffering of the poor which cries for vengeance rather than the means these poor take to relieve their misery. Either conditions will not remain as they are, or they will breed what is to be expected of them. And changing conditions means altering the premises from which they have been derived.

If we examine with care the ground over which society has recently traveled, it will gradually become clear that the tragedy lay not in the change from a peasant to an industrial civilization—since in many ways this shift was of patent and decided advantage—but in the fact that it was not properly qualified, spiritually or humanistically. While the older culture of mankind had quite definite limitations of outlook and purpose, it had nevertheless been informed by primitive religion and then by Christianity with a spirit often impervious to destructive influences. But the present world order was instituted on a platform of revolt against traditional standards. On the one hand, its talk was humanitarian; on the other hand, its practice was ruthless. This inherent schism gradually evolved the various assumptions on which the present disorder rests. It said first of all that economic dependence—the proletariat or the semi-proletariat—was inevitable, being decreed by a kind of natural law; but in the second place it declared that institutionalized relief of that dependence was necessary. Nowhere did—or could—it undertake to rebuild organically the altered world which science and invention were dominating.

Now suppose we asked the child itself what it now thought of the situation into which it had been placed. That does not mean expecting of little ones some conscious and well-reasoned judgment on the contemporary world. It means rather inquiring into what they most want the world to do for them. And one is pretty sure that the answer would be relevant—perhaps, indeed, a revelation. The child is overwhelmingly on the side of tradition. It wants father and mother, other children; it wants things to remain as they are. Perhaps its readiness to believe in God is so astonishingly instinctive because God has always been there. And if it never tires of fairy-tales, and is willing to hear of Jack the Giant-Killer a hundred times, the reason is partly because such stories are as ancient as the world. Nor is the child injured by work, as such, or unwilling to do it. But the work must be normal, traditional; it must tax the hands and the body, but not the nerves or the mind. It must be work that has at least something akin to immemorial play, as the tool of the gardener and the farmer, the fisher and the huntsman, has.

And so one thinks that if there be no other way of refashioning an environment in which the family can thrive, the necessity for treating the whole matter as a game may be invoked. A society which can afford to build mammoth playgrounds and gymnasiums can likewise foot the bill for suburban housing in which the mothers and their children play together. Industry which absorbs mothers at the expense of having to shunt out youth and age, might well strive to send those mothers on a holiday. Nor is this conception frivolous in the least. A woman running a household with the help of her sons and daughters is rendering a social and economic service for which there is no equivalent. And a child which works as children can legitimately work is being trained as no other form of education can train it. Finally every such group constitutes an organic social cell, from which vitality will come. "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me" was a sublime mandate. Society cannot countermand that order.

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THE PRICE OF VOTES

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

IN 193 A.D. the Roman Empire reached such depths of political degradation that the Pretorian Guard—the dominant political clique of those days—put up the imperial crown at auction. It was purchased by Didius Julianus, a wealthy Senator, for about $12,000,000.

In 1928 A.D. the United States of America selected a President. The Democrats invested $7,152,511.43 to support Alfred E. Smith. The Republicans put up $9,433,604.30 to back Herbert C. Hoover. The $9,433,604.30 defeated the $7,152,511.43 and Mr. Hoover is President. The total recorded cost to both parties was $16,586,115.73, or in excess of one-third more than Didius Julianus paid for the crown of the Caesars.

There was no Corrupt Practices Act in the Roman Empire of 193 A.D., and to all practical purposes there is none in the United States of America today. To be sure there has been a statute so titled on the books for nearly a score of years in one form or another, but so far no one has ever been convicted of violating it. That is a remarkable record of political purity, so remarkable indeed that it is considered too good to be true.

Just now there is a committee at work in Washington, headed by the youthful Senator Nye of North Dakota, trying to devise a Corrupt Practices Act with some teeth in it. Doubtless it will occasion some surprise to reveal that that is really the major objective of the Nye Committee. The public has been regaled with accounts of some of the committee's more picturesque activities: its pursuit of the elusive $65,300 given to Bishop James Cannon, jr., for his anti-Smith holy war in 1928; its brushes with the effervescent Senator "Puddler Jim" Davis over expenditures in his campaign in Pennsylvania; its Sherlock Holmes escapades with Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick in Illinois; its prolonged and probably fruitful efforts to find out what (or who) persuaded grocery clerk George W. Norris of Broken Bow, Nebraska, that he should enter the senatorial primary against the veteran Nebraska senator of the same name and initials. These activities of the committee have made for interesting and often amusing headlines, so much so that they have largely overshadowed the real purpose of the committee, which is to make recommendations to Congress for a new Corrupt Practices Act to supplant the current dead-letter statute.

Needless to say, the committee has drawn scant cooperation and encouragement from political veterans who are accustomed to regard campaign funds as an essential lubricant for the operation of political machines. From their own point of view, the veterans are entirely right. If it be admitted that political machines are necessary, then there can be no shadow of doubt that the machines cannot function unless oiled regularly with money. Purists (usually amateurs) in politics take the view that the machines should be abolished. Maybe they should, but those who, while nauseated by the traditional methods of financing campaigns, still take a realistic view of the possibilities of reform, are inclined to be content with something less drastic for the present. They believe a restriction of the amount of oil which may be used will prevent the machines from functioning too effectively for the public good. They are also devoted to the much more important proposition of making certain that the public is promptly and accurately informed of the identity of those handling the oil cans.

There is a tradition, sedulously cultivated for public consumption by the practical school of politicians, to the effect that the great American electorate is entirely immune from the influence of money. They like to paint verbal pictures of a sturdy God-fearing citizenry trudging to the polls to cast ballots unmarred by price tags. It is an entrancing vision and possibly it may come true some day.

However, a study of the past performances of this incorruptible electorate brings to light some facts which might serve as ammunition for those espousing a more cynical theory. Doubtless it is merely accidental, but the cold fact is that in every presidential election save one from 1896 to 1928, both inclusive, the Presidency has gone to the man whose party spent the most money.

Here are some of the figures as presented in an official report to the United States Senate:

1896: McKinley, $3,500,000; Bryan, $675,000; McKinley was elected.

1900: McKinley, $2,500,000; Bryan, $425,000; McKinley was elected.

1904: Roosevelt, $1,900,000; Parker, $700,000; Roosevelt was elected.

1908: Taft, $1,655,518, Bryan, $900,000; Taft was elected.

1912: Wilson, $1,130,000; Taft, $1,070,000; Roosevelt, $670,000; Wilson was elected.

1916 (the exception noted): Wilson, $1,958,000; Hughes, $3,829,000; Wilson was elected.

1920: Harding, $5,319,729; Cox, $1,318,374; Harding was elected.

1924: Coolidge, $3,063,952; Davis, $903,908; LaFollette, $221,977; Coolidge was elected.

It is not suggested, of course, that the funds listed above were used for the direct purchase of votes, though it cannot be doubted that some of the money went for such transparent subterfuges as the employment of additional and unnecessary "watchers" and

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similar vote-buying devices. The real point to the recitation is that politics, as currently practised, costs money, and that the side which can spend the most money nearly always wins.

As has been suggested, there is apparently no way in which the expenditure of considerable sums can be prevented. A candidate is certainly entitled to present his views and himself to the voters, and it is highly desirable that he should do so. That means he must travel extensively; that his party must buy advertising space in the newspapers; that literature must be circulated; that there must be extensive and expensive radio hook-ups. All of these are perfectly legitimate and ethical activities on the part of a candidate or a political party. The important thing is to insure that the money raised to pay for these legitimate activities is actually spent for such purposes, that there are no secret funds spent for secret activities, and that the sources of the money be public.

At present the National Committees of both major parties file regular reports with the Clerk of the House of Representatives showing receipts and disbursements by the national organizations. So far, so good, but no one who has lost his abiding faith in Santa Claus now believes that these reports give the whole picture. For one thing, the various State Committees are not required to make reports to any federal agency. That is on the theory that what goes on within a particular state is the business of that state alone, even though it involves the election of officials to rule over the entire United States. This freedom from supervision for the activities of State Committees is an obvious loophole in the present law. Instead of making a donation to the National Committee, a contributor simply inquires where funds are most needed and makes his contribution directly to the local leaders. Neither the contributor nor the local leaders are under any compulsion to report the transaction to the federal government, though some such instances do come to light occasionally through the inquisitiveness of congressional investigating committees.

What to do about it all is something that is puzzling the Nye Committee and everyone else who may be interested. The committee plans to call upon experts in the science of government as well as some more practical politicians for a symposium sometime before Congress reconvenes. The hope is to devise some practical system of minimizing the admitted evils of the present system. It has been suggested that one way out would be for the federal government itself to pay the campaign expenses of both parties, but that suggestion, chimerical enough as to the election itself, takes no account of the primaries and nominating conventions.

Another proposal has been to restrict each party to the expenditures of a few cents for each vote polled by its candidate in the last preceding election. That has been attacked on the ground that it puts an obvious discrimination upon the party which lost the last election and would tend to perpetuate the rule of the party which happened to be in power.

Then there is the difficulty of devising effective enforcement machinery for whatever law may be enacted. It is imposing a heavy load upon human nature to expect an administration in power to investigate the processes by which it came into office. Representative George Holden Tinkham of Massachusetts has found that out to his sorrow during his prolonged and so far futile efforts to interest the Department of Justice in the 1928 antics of Bishop Cannon.

Senator Nye says he is confident he will have a workable bill ready for presentation to the Senate in December, and he is optimistic enough to believe the bill may be enacted into law. Quite recently he dropped a mild bombshell in the form of an announcement that he is also considering a separate measure designed to insure pitiless publicity for the financing of national nominating conventions. That idea is considered definitely heretical by his more practical-minded colleagues. It has been the custom for cities angling for the national conventions to make substantial donations to the National Committees. Houston patriots raised more than $300,000 for this purpose to lure the Democrats to the Texas city in 1928, and loyal citizens of Kansas City put up about $250,000 to induce the Republicans to foregather there.

However, as this is written, there is a distinct bear movement in national conventions. Bids so far received are insignificant almost to the point of being insulting. Most cities seem more interested in feeding their own hungry and unemployed citizens during the coming winter than in fêting a few hundred politicians next June. That is a bitter dose to the practical gentlemen who control such matters, and some of them doubtless think it is very inconsiderate for Senator Nye to propose that they be made to swallow it in public.

Multitude

I should have taken the low trail home
through this gloom.
This high one breaks
Out on the stars here, repeating their
bloom
In the lower lakes.

It is enough to go through trees where
the stars grow
Always overhead;
But it is too much to see them scattered
below,
To see them outspread

Like a sky beneath me. I shall always
be quick
Wherever trails lift
To follow toward stars, but now these
are so thick
I am lost in the drift.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING.

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HUNGARY TODAY AND TOMORROW

By CHARLES CUNNINGHAM

LAST year I spent seven months in Hungary, gathering together the material for a book about that country. I found my material—plenty of it—and I wrote my book, as far as the last chapter, with reasonable ease and real pleasure. But that ultimate chapter, dealing with the future of Hungary, was a terror. Quite simply, I could make no headway with it. For a month I strove, with increasing despair, to evolve some constructive order out of the mass of facts with which my notes were crammed; and at the end of that time I said to myself, there is no future for Hungary.

And that, of course, was absurd. There was then, just as there is now, a future for Hungary. What I meant was that it was proving terribly difficult to write down on paper a future which appeared even moderately favorable. A black future, on the other hand, was horribly easy to forecast.

Finally, however, I finished my chapter. And the future, as I had written it, was reasonable. Reasonably good. Reasonably probable. But rather remote.

Now I am back again in Hungary and I notice a difference. Last year, though times were bad, people of all classes spoke much of the future. This year times are much worse, and the present is compellingly interesting. Last year the peasants spoke of a probable rise, in the near future, in the value of crops. The nobility and aristocracy discussed politics and the probability (or otherwise) of the return of the Hapsburgs. Now every class has a common topic of conversation—the appalling new level of financial embarrassment to which the country has fallen.

A few days ago I was in Budapest, sitting high up above the level of the Danube on the roof-garden of the Dunapelota Hotel. It was delightful to sit there, eating an excellent luncheon, looking across the broad, tropically calm river at the great buildings of Buda. They were fine buildings, large buildings, huge enough to be able to dominate the far from insignificant hills on whose summits they stood. The sun glinted beautifully on the great copper dome of the royal castle. Roads wound white about the sides of the hills. Steamers went up and down stream, one steamer towing great barges. Despite the tremendous heat of the day, despite the tremendous difficulties under which the country was laboring, here in the capital there was a feeling of brave determination, of multitudinous energy being directed toward one end, the regeneration of Hungary. An Englishman whom I knew came up and sat at my table.

"Heard the news?" he asked.

"No," I answered.

"Bethler is resigning."

Now if there was one man whom I should have been prepared to back as being as great a fixture in Hungarian parliamentary life as it is possible for any parliamentarian in any parliament to be, that man was Count Stephen Bethler, who had been Prime Minister during the difficult years since the Revolution. Bethler! Why, his name was legendary in Hungary. The Magyar Mussolini! And here he was resigning.

Next day, when the resignation was a *fait accompli*, I went about making inquiries of those of my friends who should know the reason for the fall of the government. The general opinion was as follows:

"Hungary is on the verge of bankruptcy, Hungary must have a large loan. France, evidently, is the only country who can give such a loan—France dislikes Bethler. So Bethler," a shrug of the shoulders, "has had to go. It is a pity; he is a good man."

That Bethler is a great man there is no shadow of doubt, and in order fully to realize the urgency of Hungary's financial plight you should imagine Mussolini resigning in Italy—for the same reason as Bethler has done so in Hungary.

There arises the question: but why is Hungary on the verge of bankruptcy? And the question's answer, contained in that one word, Trianon, brings one to a particular aspect of a subject which is becoming increasingly important, not only throughout Europe, but as well, I imagine, in the United States of America—I refer to the peace treaties which followed in the wake of the Great War.

Here, I have no intention of examining the fairness or otherwise of the peace treaties. It is far more interesting, since this article deals with that particular country, to glance briefly at their effect on Hungary. Trianon reduced Hungary, as to both acreage and population, to a third of her pre-war size. Such a reduction in size and population might well have been borne by the Hungarians—for, above all things else, they are a highly courageous race—were it not for the fact that the reduction was achieved only at the cost of breaking up a very complete economic unit. Formerly Hungary had been a vast, central agricultural plain, surrounded to the north and the east by mountainous regions wherein grew the raw materials, iron, gold, silver, salt and timber, which were necessary for manufacturing. The central plain, rich in wheat, wine, maize and root crops, exchanged its agricultural produce for the raw materials of the hill districts, and thus a balance of trade could always be secured. At once Trianon put a stop to this excellent arrangement, and Hungary, reduced to the condition of a purely agricultural country, was reduced at the same time from being an effective rampart between the East and the West to the position of a stricken power hovering between Europe and the Balkans. It

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would require too much space here to go into detail concerning the significance of Hungary's position as a European rampart. But I imagine that it is apparent to all thinking people that any further Balkanization of Europe can only be highly detrimental.

We leave Hungary, then, reduced to an agricultural country. In ordinary times she could have continued to maintain both her self-respect and a reasonably reduced standard of living by the growing and exporting of the various crops which flourish so abundantly on her soil. But these are not ordinary times. Russian dumping of food-stuffs in Europe has hit Hungary much harder—as she is so much more dependent on her export of agricultural produce—than it has hit, say, England, or Australia, or even, perhaps, Canada. Again, the export of wine to Poland, which before the war was a very large trade, has almost entirely ceased, owing to the fact that France now has a commercial treaty with Poland which she naturally will not renounce; the same applies to sugar-beet and poultry produce.

It can be, and is, argued: but why does not post-war, agricultural Hungary continue to have reciprocal trade with those parts of the country which have been taken from her? Surely, it is argued, the fact of a change of ownership in certain territories does not mean that those territories will suddenly cease to need food-stuffs. The answer to that question is, that at present the small Entente states—Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia—would rather die, since they know that there is no remotest chance of their dying, than trade with Hungary. The small Entente states all have large Magyar minorities within their borders, and these minorities are a constant source of worry. They want to go back to Hungary. They may try, by force, to return to Hungary. They may at any moment rebel, revolt or renounce their new countries. The obvious plan, therefore, is to reduce Hungary to such a low level that, sooner or later, sooner unless some steps are quickly taken, Hungary will vanish from the face of Europe and will cease to be a magnet power appealing to the loyalty of her exiled subjects. If that sounds sensational or sentimental, I can only assure you that, from my personal observations, I have found it to be true and practical.

Hungary, then, has been stripped of her great wealth, and as well, through the force of circumstances, she is deprived of the means of livelihood. She is being kept alive today—as a sinking man may be kept alive a little longer by oxygen—by foreign loans which are becoming ever and ever harder to obtain. The present situation, to speak restrainedly, is unhealthy. What of the future? What will happen to Hungary?

The future of Hungary is interwoven with the future of the Treaty of Trianon. There are some Hungarians who fondly imagine that the revision of Trianon will restore to Hungary almost in their entirety the territories which were lost under that treaty. Such a supposition is ridiculous, and any intelligent Hungarian will admit to you: yes, we lost the war and we must pay the penalty. The small Entente countries, on the other hand, were on the winning side, and as a reward they were given pieces of Hungary. Now, is it rational to imagine that these victorious countries will give back their gains simply because a group of gentlemen in Geneva, or Paris, or London, may ask them to do so? The most that can reasonably be hoped for is that the small Entente states will hand over narrow strips of comparatively valueless territory on their respective borders, and that with those strips there will be repatriated the millions of Hungarians who are living in illogical exile within stone's throw of their country.

If, when the question of treaty revision comes before the League of Nations, so much as I have just suggested can be accomplished, then much good will have been done. For not only will the Hungarian exiles be repatriated, but, as well, a festering source of hatred between Hungary and her neighbors will have been removed, and the way will be open for commercial negotiations and trade treaties between the various lesser powers. That there are good chances of the small Entente agreeing to such a course I am certain. Their total losses in territory would be negligible and utterly disproportionate to their gain in mental security and peace of mind.

Such a solution as I have suggested would enable Hungary to live, if not luxuriously, at least self-respectingly; and it would have, moreover, the added great advantage of securing a universal better feeling than now exists in eastern and southeastern Europe. Another possibility open to Hungary is that, eventually, she should join herself, at least commercially, to Austria, who is existing in a condition very nearly as bad as her neighbor. To a considerable extent, Austria is an industrial country: certainly, she would be able to supply Hungary with much of the raw material so vitally needed for manufacturing; and, reciprocally, she would take from Hungary much of her surplus agricultural produce. But, such an alliance, also, is dependent to a large extent on the revision of the Treaty of Trianon.

So that, although there would appear to be a future—a reasonably cheerful future—for Hungary, it is obvious that everything depends for her on her ability to maintain herself in the exceedingly difficult present.

That Hungary somehow will maintain herself in the difficult present I feel certain. In the past she has had to do so repeatedly. Mongols, Tartars, Turks—she was oppressed and brought to the verge of ruin by each of them in turn. Biding time and, when the time was ripe, rebuilding, that has become a tradition in Hungary. And tradition is a force powerful indeed to keep alive the hope of a nation. It becomes something more than a force, becomes an uncheckable impulse, when, as in the case of Hungary, it is backed by the tremendous solidity of the Catholic faith.

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SILVER AGAIN

By BERNARD W. DEMPSEY

Odd things happen nowadays. Who could have imagined, some years ago, that a metal known as silver, resigned apparently to occupying a somewhat stuffy position as the material of heirlooms and dinner forks, might once again become the object of stupendous "deals" and the hope of monetary reformers? In the following paper we are reminded, however, "that silver has a long and honorable history as a monetary metal and that the exclusive hegemony of gold is a very modern development, an affair of yesterday on the historical scale." It is an interesting panorama which thus presents itself—The Editors.

IF ANYONE doubts that history repeats itself, he should live in the Mountain States at the present time. The word "silver" fairly gleams from the daily press; you hear bimetallism in the street cars; and every day some student's father wants to know what it's all about from teacher. The senators from the "silver states" are barn-storming the country; speculation in silver is active and quotations from the Metals Exchange frequently make the front page. Officials of the mining and smelting companies are freely quoted and Guggenheim on his return from Europe merited almost a column interview. The junior chambers of commerce have silver committees. And if it were not for the date line on the papers and a few statistical anachronisms, you might expect any morning to read about an unknown from Nebraska stealing a political convention with the crucifixion of labor on a cross of gold.

To those who have reached maturity since 1900 and have grown up to regard the gold standard as our economic Gibraltar, all this may seem to be the beating of a dead dog. But it should be remembered that silver has a long and honorable history as a monetary metal and that the exclusive hegemony of gold is a very modern development, an affair of yesterday on the historical scale. And even today the eastern half of the world still clings to silver for its money. In general, gold has been too scarce to bear the burden of the world's exchanges alone and has been forced to share the throne with its homelier but very serviceable consort. And the Mountain States are out to restore that duality, and in the next Congress they will be abetted by powerful interests both American and foreign.

What has happened to make the reopening of this controversy plausible? Briefly, it is that the price of silver has fallen to a point that has ruined mining as a productive industry and has produced chaos in those countries which still remain on a silver basis. The first effect is felt strongest in Mexico and secondly in our own Mountain States. The second effect falls hardest on India, China and the smaller nations of the Orient, upon whom we had come to look as good customers. The extent of this drop may perhaps best be appreciated by realizing that the divinely ordained ratio of '96, sixteen to one, has become in today's markets approximately seventy to one.

The debacle in silver began in 1871, when Germany went on the gold standard. Between 1873 and 1878 the Latin Monetary Union, France, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, first limited and then stopped the coinage of standard silver. In 1873 the United States dropped the silver dollar from the coinage list, although subsequent compromise measures have kept relatively small amounts in circulation here. From that time until after the war, silver dropped to approximately half its former value, deprived as it was of one of its principal uses, namely as a monetary metal. Silver however shared the post-war commodity inflation and rose to some of its former glory, selling for more than a dollar an ounce. But it was a short-lived prosperity, for most of the European nations, England, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Italy and France, with Australia and New Zealand, promptly either demonetized their silver or reduced by half the fineness of their silver coins. This threw onto the market in the course of the last ten years no less than two hundred million ounces from this source alone. But the end was not yet. The post-war gold fever, which prompted everyone to adopt the most stable standard possible even though it entailed other disadvantages, led to the adoption of a gold bullion standard in British India and in French Indo-China, two traditional reservoirs of silver and insatiable markets. India followed this by a substantial tax on silver imports. As a result, that country has dumped on an already sagging market almost one hundred million ounces in the four years preceding 1930.

Indo-China chose to dispose of her silver in the Shanghai market. Under normal conditions, China could absorb vast sums of silver. But China has been abnormal so long that one begins to wonder what the norm is, and that uncertainty has not helped the Chinese market for silver. Chinese foreign trade had dropped almost a quarter in imports and almost a half in exports between 1929 and 1930. No doubt this is due in part to depression but also in part to monetary conditions. As in so many other matters, our knowledge of economics does not enable us to compute the effect of this movement on Chinese internal wealth, and students are in sharp disagreement on the subject. But beyond question the existing stocks of silver in China and India have depreciated in value, and in view of the native habits of hoarding this is a loss of consequence.

The silver-producing areas have necessarily suffered by this loss of market for their product, Mexico, United States, Canada and Peru. Mexico has been hardest hit, being not only the greatest silver-producer by almost 100 percent over its nearest competitor, but

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also because her people, too, are given to hoarding, and silver occupied a large place in her currency even under a nominal gold standard. When in addition to the influences mentioned above, the fall in prices incident to the present depression further lowered the price of silver, Mexico found her foremost industry in serious straits and her currency demoralized. Ex-President Calles was called into service last summer as president of the Bank of Mexico and on July 25 his influence with the Chamber of Deputies put Mexico on a partial silver basis. The financial affairs of that troubled republic are today in a critical state.

By way of summary then, silver upon losing its preferred position as a monetary metal in the Western world suffered a severe drop in price. During the post-war deflation, aggravated by still further abandonments of silver coinage, the situation became acute enough to upset the exchanges of the Orient to the detriment of the buying-power of those nations. Silver-producing areas such as Mexico have been deprived of a highly profitable industry, and in the nation named this has resulted in grave disorders in the currency.

There are those who maintain that the present depression will be solved in terms of silver stabilization and remonetization and in those terms alone. Certain British industrialists and bankers have made such public statements. This must be branded for the exaggeration that it is. In one half of the world, silver is but one of many commodities lingering in the doldrums, and in the other half, even though its monetary position could be restored, there will still be an abundance of problems to be solved before we see the end of depression. On the other hand, the world's distribution of gold is badly balanced and question may fairly be raised as to whether the world's supply of gold is sufficiently large to finance the trade of the world without resort to some sort of further economy in its use by means of representative money. Moreover, silver production is an important industry bound up in many cases with the profitable production of other metals, and to place this industry on a profitable basis would be a long step in the right direction. Further, the financial stability of the Orient, while not a panacea for our economic ills, is a highly desirable end.

In order to attain at one sweep all of these objectives, the first proposal on all hands is bimetallism. This would supplement gold and relieve the pressure upon it. It would create a rising market and higher prices in silver and this would reëstablish the buying-power of the Far East and all would be well. But though bimetallism's partizans are glib in telling us that times have changed since '96, the changes, if any, are accidental. Outside of an all-inclusive world agreement to restore monetary silver to a large but not unlimited coinage, and moreover to keep an eye on production lest the established ratios run away with each other, bimetallism is as impractical now as in '96. One may judge for himself what chance there is of obtaining an agreement of the kind mentioned and getting it working in time to relieve this depression. One may wonder also whether silver producers are reasonable in asking such drastic assistance, when all the other basic commodities are in similar straits.

Last February a Senate resolution was passed urging the President to call an international silver conference but Mr. Hoover, meeting no adequate response from the governments approached did nothing. It is hoped that this conference may result in action by a limited group of the principal governments concerned which will keep them out of the silver markets below a certain agreed price and thus eliminate one of the major causes of disturbance. If further work could be done toward limiting production in the American areas alone, a degree of stability would be obtained, uncertainty would be eliminated and the industry would be assured a moderate but regular income. This much is feasible and desirable. If the price of silver can be raised, stabilized and permanently maintained until normal prices return (even hastening that return by a mild inflation), without saddling on the world a cumbersome and dangerous bimetallism, that much is worth the effort.

BEFORE QUEBEC

By KATHERINE BRÉGY

JUST where the somber beauty of the Saguenay —a haunted and self-conscious river between its rocky fiords, if ever there were one!—joins the serenely bustling St. Lawrence, lies the little village of Tadoussac. It has no possible railway connection, being flanked by the Laurentian Mountains and fronted by its own particular bay; but never was a spot more friendly in its isolation. Twice each day during the summertime the St. Lawrence steamers stop here for a few moments in the morning, in the afternoon long enough for tourists to take an hour ashore, where the horse-drawn phaetons with their sturdy French Canadian *cochers,* the village children and the village dogs are in line to meet them.

At first glance it does not differ greatly from other semi-primitive, semi-fashionable resorts. There is a pleasant hotel, neither too modern nor too much like a Renaissance château for its surroundings, with a golf course and the most extravagant attractions for fishermen. There is a sandy beach where children are playing with the immemorial shovel and bucket, and more or less "grown-ups"—in bathing suits whose vividness must make up for their paucity—woo the inevitable coat of sun-tan. If you stroll a little way up

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the hill, you will see summer villas flying the French or the English flag, and beyond these the homes and farms of the thrifty *habitants*. And you will have passed on one side a modest convent and school, on the other a typical grey Canadian stone church—simple and well-proportioned without, rather ornate within, in a naive but immaculate combination of crystal chandeliers, oil lamps, highly varnished pews, altars decorated with pale blue angels and artificial pink flowers, and a sanctuary where the "Little" Saint Thérèse has recently joined the "Great" Saint Anne.

But in the churchyard, with its wealth of pansies and other cheerful flowers growing about the crudely carved crosses, you will be arrested by an enormous and beautiful crucifix above an altar built of native cobblestones, which bears this inscription in French:

> To the memory of the missionaries who carried and preserved the Cross, standard of our redemption, in the country of Tadoussac from 1615 to 1782, and of all the evangelical laborers who have continued their work of salvation and civilization.
> *O crux ave—Spes unica*

There you touch the secret of Tadoussac's long and thrilling history, concentrated in the tiny red-roofed white chapel at the foot of the hill you have been climbing and at the end of this very cemetery: a shrine dating itself from 1747, but heir and successor to the memorable bark chapel built for the French and Algonquins 100 years before, and so the mother of all existing churches in Canada.

How did it come to be here, 150 miles from the Quebec settlement with which Miss Repplier and Miss Cather have made us all recently familiar? Chiefly because Tadoussac must be passed before Quebec in the route from Old France to New! About its shores Basque and Viking fishermen had skirted from time immemorial. Here in 1535 that brave Breton adventurer, Jacques Cartier, landed—and upon his ship anchored in its harbor was celebrated the first Mass in Canada. Here Pierre Chauvin built the first house in 1600. Just across the bay, at Lark's Point, the heroic Sieur de Champlain signed in 1603 that treaty with the Algonquins by which the Five Nations of the Iroquois became the hereditary and implacable enemies of his followers. And here was long centered the great fur trade of the continent.

But the French did not only exploit—they also evangelized. It seems to have been a Franciscan monk, a Récollet, who from a temporary wigwam first attempted to minister to the traders and to convert the savages. But by 1617 the invincible Jesuits had taken over the work, and it was they who built that first historic chapel of 1647. You may still see upon the walls of the present edifice the tiny engraved Stations of the Cross they brought from France, and upon its altar the crucifix and candelabra which they purchased with the proceeds of beaver skins offered by Indian neophytes for this purpose. And in a little glass case you will find a smiling wax Bambino presented to the Mission by young Louis XIV, still clothed in the faded satin robe made by his mother, Anne of Austria. There are relics perhaps even more poignant: rough wooden candlesticks whittled by the hands of those early missionaries, and the tomb of the last of that devoted line, Père de la Brosse, who had compiled an Algonquin dictionary and printed in that strange tongue a catechism and parts of the New Testament. A very legend of love grew up after this good priest's death in 1782, the Indians coming to whisper into his grave and declaring that at the moment of his going to God all the chapel bells of the Saguenay country had rung without human hands.

He belonged, of course, to the present chapel. Doubtless he had celebrated Mass at this very white and gold altar, given by one Madame Connolly who was wife to one of the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company; for after the tragic battle upon the Fields of Abraham in 1759, Tadoussac fell, like all the rest of New France, under English rule. Behind this altar is still the little sacristy where the missionaries heard polyglot confessions, and ate and slept—some of their humble kitchen utensils are still in the corner cupboard—and wrote to their superiors overseas those priceless "Relations," in which the stories of conversions are dramatically interrupted by descriptions of geology, of mosquitoes, of earthquakes, and the all-too-recurrent terror of forest fires, plagues and massacres by the Iroquois. There are crumbling crosses of black wood in the chapel graveyard, half hidden now by wild flowers and wild raspberries. The names have long since been obliterated, but they can scarcely go back further than the eighteenth century. So there must have been earlier wooden crosses to mark the graves of those first Canadian Catholics—the white adventurers, the red converts, who worshiped side by side in the chapel of 1647. Saints perhaps . . . sinners perhaps . . . or like most of us, a little bit of both!

It was a true instinct to place in this venerable chapel rather than in the parish church uphill the tablet memorializing Tadoussac's one martyr to the World War, a young sergeant who found his way home to die in 1921. It is a true allegiance which refuses to let the historic shrine become merely a museum, which still rings an occasional angelus with the bell more than two hundred and eighty years old, which still celebrates Mass here upon the feast of Saint Anne—as Père Coquart promised to do back in 1747—for the soul of a certain Intendant of New France who had donated boards and nails for the new chapel walls. For Saint Anne is preëminently the patron of French Canada, and Tadoussac is preëminently the cradle of the French Canadians, one of the finest and stanchest strains ever poured into the stupendous melting pot which is North America.

You can be very happy in Tadoussac today. The climate will lift up your heart and your spirits, and

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you will be comfortable either at the hotel where one plays bridge and buys beautiful homespun rugs and blankets or—as I myself chose—in one of the spotless *habitant* homes. More likely than not there will be a quaint picture of the Sacred Heart over the doorway; larkspur and lavender poppies will peer through the windows; and the mother of perhaps a dozen children—the oldest already a *navigateur*—will cheerfully milk her cow and as cheerfully cook your French fried potatoes. For primitive Tadoussac, with less than a thousand in population, is curiously civilized. It has held on to the amenities as well as to the Faith, and if you find few machines there you will find even fewer beggars.

But the greatest charm of this Chestertonian oasis is its sense of solidarity, of continuity through a past worth remembering. Nature has healed, as her way is, the wounds of all the old wars, the old feuds, the old heartbreaks: but she has arranged that you will have no shock of surprise as you read those proudly simple words upon a cairn above the little harbor, declaring Tadoussac "the oldest French establishment and Christian mission station in Canada." With a very little effort you can conjure up the crowds of canoes paddling down there in the bay as the Indians prepare to go back to their forests after the summer bartering; Samuel de Champlain welcoming the pretty blonde bride who braved the seas to join him in 1620; Père Brébeuf and Lalemant, who stayed for a while on their way to martyrdom; Mère Marie de l'Incarnation who tarried on her way to Quebec, and the sprightly Madame de la Peltrie, who traveled back from that growing city to stand godmother for some Indian girls; the grave Bishop Laval, who coming here to confirm in 1668 was so deeply impressed by the "piety and devotion" of the convert savages.

Good company, indeed: even better than once gathered in the merry Mermaid Tavern! And just around the corner rolls the mysterious Saguenay, called by the Indians River of Shadows or of Death. . . . Is it surprising we should seem to gather up the echoes thrown out from Cape Eternity?

Alien

His place is there with those
Lost saints of yesterday,
With splendid wounds, and eyes
Untraitorous to the clay.

Now, unheroic, he
Adverse to this bright earth,
Shares not at all in this
Angelic birth.

He walks with bandaged eyes,
Blinded by pride, downcast,
Forgetting that the first
Is scripturally the last.

HAROLD VINAL.

BIRTHPLACE OF SAINT PATRICK

By JAMES VEALE

MR. DONALD ATTWATER in THE COMMONWEAL of March 18 awards Mr. Kyrle Fletcher, "an Englishman living in South Wales," the dubious distinction of discovering a new birthplace of Saint Patrick. The place designated—ominously—is South Wales. This attempt to set Saint Patrick up as an ancient Welshman is not more original in method than in theory; it presents the usual weird etymology on Patrician nomenclature, characteristic of every protagonist of the British nativity of the saint, and the customary confident assumption that his birthplace necessarily lies within the confines of Great Britain—if not Daventry in England, then Dumbarton in Scotland, or at least Abergavenny in Wales.

Mr. Attwater seems to think "it is known to but few Irishmen that their great apostle was certainly not of Irish birth or parentage." This thrust is devastating enough, but to rub it in by telling these deluded Irishmen that their supposed countryman was really a Welshman! Now there is no Irishman, whether pusher of a pen or of a plow, that thinks Saint Patrick was an Irishman. Immemorial Irish tradition—constant, unbroken, universal—locates the saint's birthplace neither in Ireland, England, Scotland or Wales; but of all places—it may seem strange to Mr. Attwater—in France. His Irish nativity has been asserted, but never by Irish authors. The writers responsible for this assertion are Matthew of Westminster, Possevin, Venerable Bede and Cardinal Baronius.

This national tradition was backed up by the historical researches of such an array of competent Irish scholars of a hundred years ago as O'Curry, O'Flaherty, O'Sullivan, O'Connor, McGee, Lanigan, Hoey, Fleming and others, to the point of becoming a practically demonstrated historical truth; subsequently, nineteenth-century rationalism and positivism made it the fashion, lacking documentary evidence and apodictic demonstration, to substitute improbable speculations for reasonable probabilities. Hench the solid grounds pointing to Saint Patrick's birth in Brittany, France, were abandoned by certain authors for the theories of an English, Welsh or Scotch birthplace.

Too often, unforunately, is the discussion of this controverted point colored by the national or political, and particularly the sectarian, bias of the author. Cardinal Moran and Archbishop Healy strenuously defend the Scottish nativity; Professor Bury holds to the Welsh theory. Bury and Moran defend exclusively, and Healy mainly, on arguments from topographical philology.

Now a historical argument based exclusively or principally on supposed identifications of ancient and modern place-names is doubly fallacious. First, it is extraordinarily subject to the personal bias just alluded to. An Englishman will insist on Daventry; an Anglophobe and Keltophile on France, an Anglicized Irishman on Britain; an Englishman resident in South Wales on South Wales; while sectarian authors or biographers abhor Catholic natal environment as nature abhors a vacuum.

Secondly, this line of argument is entirely too arbitrary. No doubt there are spots on the Tasmanian or Kamchatkan terrain bearing names as similar to the "Banaven Taberniae" of Saint Patrick's "Confession" as is Professor Bury's "Bannauenta," or Mr. Fletcher's "Banna Venta Aber." Why not make Saint Patrick a native of Kamchatka or Tasmania? Sings the poet:

> "Oh, it is pleasant with a mind at ease
> To make the drifting clouds be what you please."

Professor Bury drifted early enough from the cloudland of Scotland to that of Wales, but his wrestling with tough Welsh

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topography is not less unhappy than his previous bout with "Caledonia stern and wild."

Mr. Attwater states: "In his 'Confession' the saint himself tells us that he was born at 'Banna Venta Aber,' and that his father, whose name was Calpurnius, had a villa at 'Enon.'" Saint Patrick's exact words are: "Patrem habui Calpurnium Diaconum, qui fuit a vico Bonaven Taberniae: villam enim prope habuit ubi ego in capturam decidi." Literally: "I had for father Calpurnius, a Deacon, who was from the town of Bonaven Taberniae, and he had near by a country place where I fell into capture." Hence he does not tell us where he was born, but where he was captured. This mistake is commonly made by upholders of the west Britain birthplace.

"And what about Enon?" queries the writer; and answers by transposing "Enon" into "Arnon," which according to the "'lives' of the saint . . . was near a 'six-walled city.'" Now here is another inept identification. Just one unreliable ancient Irish "life" gives "Arnon" as the place of the saint's episcopal consecration, not birth, and explicitly locates it near a "six-towered city" on the Italian mainland. Hence again, the topographical argument would make Saint Patrick an Italian. But, "What about Enon?" Well it happens that "Enon" is merely the Latin particle or conjunction "enim" deciphered amiss. Mr. Fletcher's conjuring of the triple appellative, "Banna Venta Aber," out of "Bonaven Taberniae" in the text, pertains to a kind of legerdemain in which nobody but himself has any confidence. It merely proves his skill in constructing anagrams.

Had Saint Patrick merely written "Bonaven" (in Irish script, "Bun-amhain," pronounced "Bounoun," i.e., "River-mouth") few perhaps, in view of his many contacts with France, would fail to recognize it as Bononia, the contemporary Latin name of Boulogne. And here it may be observed that were the Irish as ingenuous in matters Patrician as Mr. Attwater deems them, or as ingenious as Bury, Fletcher and Company in matters philological, they would surely have acclaimed Saint Patrick as Irish, for Ireland is fairly dotted with Bonavens. But the saint added the Latin determinant "Taberniae" to indicate the particular Bonaven he meant, thereby unintentionally setting a snare for the unwary of after years, but enlightening, as his purpose was, the discreet. For "Taberniae"—Roman camping ground—is a fairly common Continental place-name, as Zabern, Desvires (Desverniae), whereas in insular Britain it is unknown. There the Roman camp was always "Castra," hence Chester, Doncaster, etc. Says Mr. Attwater: "Bannium in Gwent must be Saint Patrick's Banna Venta, because *Banna Venta* is Welsh for the 'hills of Gwent.'" But Saint Patrick knew no "Banna Venta"; his Bonaven is indeed a far call to Mr. Attwater's "Banna Venta," and farther still to Mr. Fletcher's "Banna Venta Aber."

The writer seems to think that, in Celtic lands particularly, places called after saints are invariably their birthplaces or their burial places. It would lead us too far to pursue the interesting vista this admission opens up; suffice it here to say that this false assumption is the source of many a hagiographical blunder.

It is not then to mere topographical analysis, comparisons or identifications of the name of the place where Saint Patrick was captured (not where he was born), no matter how plausible or ingenious, that we must trust to guide us to his birthplace, but rather to the biographical details disclosed in his "Confession." This admittedly authentic narrative indicates many different lines of argument, all unmistakably converging toward France as the land of his birth, and creating by their accumulative force a conviction as compelling and conclusive as any that a chain of circumstantial evidence can possibly produce.

OUR BETTERS

By DOUGLAS BUSH

THE OBSCURE professor usually feels so humble in the presence of great authors that he is hesitant in making pronouncements, even to a class somewhat apathetic toward truth. Now and then, as he reads critical journalism or listens to popular lectures, he is moved to wonder if it would not be better to stop reading and simply speak out of his inner consciousness. If he regards a modicum of fact as desirable in literary discussions, he is likely to be branded as a pedant; if he is inclined to be moderate in expressions of opinion, he is a pallid insect without understanding. Why, he may ask himself, should he not cut loose and be a regular fellow, speak and write like a man of letters, as one having authority?

Such occasional impulses are doubtless to be labeled sour grapes. Yet one cannot help admiring the courage and confidence of a great many of the literary persons who are engaged in forming our minds. For instance, I was one of some five thousand who sat down to be fed by a lecture on Shakespeare from a popular essayist. After brushing aside those troublesome busybodies, the scholars, the lecturer proceeded, with the air of a pioneer, to sketch the real Shakespeare, the writer whom a fellow writer understood, the human being who never gets into the class-room. This part of the lecture was quite attractive, though not noticeably different from the Shakespeare handbooks and the first hour in every elementary Shakespeare course. Some sniffs at Sir Edmund Chambers led on to pleasant sentimentalities about Shakespeare's dying on his birthday; a little reading in Chambers might have shown that we do not know the date of Shakespeare's birth. An elaborate digression on Ben Jonson was offered as a contribution to scholarship: to wit, that "O rare Ben Jonson" was really intended for "Orare [pray for] Ben Jonson." Such Latinity would have caused Ben to dream of Turks and Tartars. Besides, a little knowledge of the subject would have told the whimsical essayist that "O rare" was a phrase commonly attached to Ben, that it was inscribed over the door of the Apollo tavern, where it could hardly have been an appeal to heaven. Altogether, perhaps the most authentic bit of the ineffably complacent discourse was an excellent and suggestive imitation of a popping cork.

It is a pity that the acquisition of knowledge stunts the capacity for enthusiasm and large generalization. Mr. Norman Douglas, apart from his fiction, is an attractive and not unfamiliar type of English amateur who has kept up his Greek. When Rebecca West refers to him as "one of the finest classical scholars in Europe," only a desiccated pedant would inquire into Miss West's qualifications, or ask if her opinion would be shared by Housman and Wilamowitz. When Mrs. Paterson pronounces Elinor Wylie's sonnets the loveliest in the English language, only a professional praiser of time past would be so disloyal to the present as to think of possible rivals. The cautious professor can only envy such gifts of expansive utterance.

The Virgilian anniversary has led to innumerable effusions of varying quality. To mention only one, and one of the best, Mr. John Erskine's essay in *Harper's* was an admirable portrait of a twentieth-century liberal, but why did Mr. Erskine, who used to be a scholar, not write about Virgil? We seem to be still engaged, after the mediaeval fashion, in making over standard authors in our own image. The name of Virgil recalls another item. A poet and literary editor a while ago rendered a poem of Catullus in the original meter. The translation was apparently executed in the belief that one has produced a Sapphic stanza by writing three long lines and a short one.

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All these things are perhaps trifles, but they are only a few out of the multitude of such trifles which may be observed by anyone who conscientiously endeavors to keep up with the current of ideas and learn what is going on from the enlightened guides and interpreters of the literary papers. Is the enthusiasm which inspires labor and accurate knowledge altogether without honor? Is sensibility the one prerequisite of true appreciation? Certainly a great number of our literary college students disdain facts and yearn for broad impressions. I used to have moments of despair when I read on sophomore examination papers "Hector was Ulysses's dog," or "Blank verse is verse in prose, civilized, like we talk." I no longer feel hopeless. I know that some day I shall be reading reviews, perhaps hearing lectures, from these unfettered minds.

Three Sonnets of Petrarch

Quando fra l'altre donne ad ora ad ora

When Love his flaming image on her brow
Enthrones in perfect beauty like a star,
As far as she outshines the rest, so far
I feel the blaze of passion surge and grow.
Yet still I bless the place, the hour when so
Supremely high, at light so singular
I dared to look: "O heart, you blessed are
To gaze upon that pure, that golden glow,"
I murmur. "She inspired the splendid thought
Which points to heaven and teaches honest eyes
All worldly lures and winnings to despise:
Through her that gentle grace of love is taught
Which by the straight path leads to paradise
And even here hope's holy crown is wrought."

Vidi fra mille donne una già tale

Amid a lovely thousand one I saw,
Whom seeing—and these shapes no fancy bred—
Instantly I was seized by amorous dread,
Then flamed with ardor, then was hushed with awe.
No fleck was in her, never mortal flaw,
No earthly happiness her hunger fed;
My soul, constrained to follow where she led,
Flinched at the blue pavilions of His law.
Alas, her sweep outsoared all wings, all cries,
And in a little space she sped from sight:
The very thought still finds me frozen numb.
O lovely, lofty, lucid windows—eyes
Where Death, who crowds the world with black affright,
Obtained an entrance to Elysium.

Soleano i miei penser soavemente

O how my thoughts choiring together made
Sweet consonant reason concerning her, as thus:
"It may be that the lilies dolorous
Chill her . . . even now! . . . Or that she is afraid
We falter." But since that high-summoned maid
Fulfils His love, robbing the world and us
Of gold, perhaps her mouth grows murmurous,
Moaning, "I feel the flame that keeps you flayed."
O loveliest miracle! O favored mind!
O beauty without blemish, without blame!
Too late released, too soon, too soon confined
Where the unwithering leaves her temples bind:
The sacred palm is hers who in my flame
Stood cold and pure to win the world's acclaim.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

COMMUNICATIONS

DWINDLING POPULATIONS

Somerset, Ohio.

TO the Editor: A book review in THE COMMONWEAL of October 21, 1931, by Dr. John A. Ryan, gives me the occasion for making a few observations on the arguments thus far presented against contraception. I have not as yet seen the book, "The Case against Birth Control," by E. R. Moore. But going on the supposition that the arguments presented are substantially the same as those offered in the series of articles on the same subject by the same author in earlier numbers of THE COMMONWEAL, allow me to disagree with a statement of the reviewer.

Dr. Ryan says: "In the two chapters on the moral aspect we find brief but effective presentations of the ethical arguments against birth control, drawn respectively from its disastrous consequences and from its intrinsic immorality." In modern Catholic argumentation against contraception I have seen no effective presentation of the argument from the intrinsic immorality of contraception.

Perhaps the book has corrected the one weak spot in the series of articles; I hope so. But permit me to point out the weak spot I have just mentioned. In that presentation the author proved beyond all doubt, as have all his predecessors, that contraception is against nature. In fact he made a very fine job of the argument, manifesting a lucidity that is worthy of all praise. But have we Catholics, like the cigarette makers, gone in for catch-words instead of thinking? Is the mere phrase "against nature" to send a shudder up our spines and make us throw up our hands in horror? My point is that it was not sufficient to prove that contraception is against nature; that is almost self-evident. What we must show is why this violation of nature is such a grave offense, a mortal sin.

If we go no further in the development of the argument, is it any wonder that champions of contraception loll back in their chairs, their minds perfectly assured that they have answered our argument by citing dozens of things against nature which good men do every day without sin? To be more specific. The author proved beautifully and briefly that contraception is irrational, a perversion of nature, when he pointed out that it consists in placing the means and deliberately frustrating the end to which those means are naturally ordained. Or, as Saint Thomas puts it: "Si id quod est ad finem, ut finis quaeritur, tollitur et destruitur ordo naturae." Then, as an illustration of the argument, the almost perfect parallel of the gluttony of the Epicureans is cited: and gluttony intrinsically (*ex genere suo*) is considered a venial—not mortal—sin by all Catholic theologians!

In other words, Catholic defenders have quite missed the point of the natural argument against birth control.

A glance at the argument in the light of a few Scholastic principles will, I think, justify this statement. We have, for instance, these five principles given by such a Scholastic as Saint Thomas:

1. The purpose of man's natural inclinations, or instincts, is to lead him to his end.

2. That is against nature which prevents the attainment of the end of man; which prevention can be either of the primary end, some secondary end, or merely a frustration of the ease or congruity of the attainment of the end.

3. Nature intends the perpetual. So for man, the thing intended, or his end is twofold: (a) corporal—the species—since from this point of view the individual is merely a transient

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and nature is careless of transients; (b) spiritual—the perfection of man's spiritual soul—for from this angle every individual man is an enduring entity. Of these two the second is the more important; so that man cannot instinctively, naturally, ruin his soul to save the species, though he can and often does quite joyfully offer his body in that cause.

4. Every part naturally loves the whole, which is the reason of its existence and goodness, more than it loves itself. Nor is this any extraordinary altruism; the part loves the common good because this common good is also for the good of the part. Not that the part refers the good of the whole to itself but rather refers itself, its own good, to the common good of the whole. This abstract-sounding principle receives concrete application in the fifth and last principle we shall use.

5. The personal good of a man is manifold, including not only an individual element, but also a specific, generic and transcendental element. Only the first two need occupy us here, though the others would be highly useful in a lengthier consideration of this argument. As concrete manifestations of this principle we have the every-day facts of mother-love, parental sacrifice, child-bearing, the instinctive heroism that sends a man in front of an automobile or into a burning house to rescue a child before he has time to think. All these are manifestations of a natural, instinctive preference of the good of the species to the individual ease, luxury or even safety of the individual himself; though at the same time the individual is seeking his personal good in its specific element.

Now let us apply these principles to the question of contraception. If it is against nature, it must prevent an end intended by nature. Quite patently it does so. It frustrates the corporal end of man, the end directly intended by nature, the perpetuation of the species, at the same time perverting the natural love of the species to an unnatural exaggeration of the individual element of the personal good of the man. It also frustrates the spiritual end of man, the perfection of his spiritual soul; for by this irrational act against the species, against the individual's own personal good (in its specific element), a natural instinct has been perverted. Or, more simply, the urge put in man by the Author of nature to lead to the knowledge and love of that Author (which is the perfection of the soul) has been twisted to lead man into a sensual attack upon his own intellectual nature.

Undoubtedly contraception is against nature. But why is it such a grave sin? Because it directly frustrates the *primary* ends, corporal and spiritual, intended for man by nature, or more correctly, by nature's Author.

Does the argument prove too much? Do not married people practising continence and all celibates, especially voluntary celibates (religious and priests), frustrate these same ends intended by nature? This seemingly spontaneous objection is really a little stupid. An utter tyro to the art of thinking should see instantly that in the case of the contraceptionist there is a positive deliberate act perverting the means supplied by nature to an end utterly different; whereas in the other cases there is no act at all but an omission.

Instead of being an objection, by way of a parallel case, this argument merely brings up the old question: Is everyone obliged by the precept of perpetuating of the species? And the answer is quite obvious. The command is given to the human race; any individual will be obliged by that command only when his efforts are necessary to avert a threatened extinction of the species. At such a time this omission of all positive acts would be gravely sinful. There are of course many other considerations governing the continency of married couples, considerations arising from the bilateral contract of matrimony. But these are beside the question here. It is only necessary for us in response to this objection, to emphasize the difference between a vicious perversion of a natural act and the omission of all act when no obligation urges it be placed.

In one word then, contraception is intrinsically immoral because it frustrates the two natural primary ends of man.

REV. WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

AS TO COLLEGE TEACHERS

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor: "At some point, all people must be treated as though [if] they were [are] grown up, or they never will grow up; and for collegians, that point is fixed by college," argues the learned editor in THE COMMONWEAL of October 28, 1931.

My humble suggestion is that these words of wisdom be broadcast to those Catholic colleges whose prefects of discipline even now function under the notion that their charges are still (1) wet behind the ears, (2) in swaddling clothes, (3) infants in arms.

Some time ago, during a discussion on the ideal university, I hazarded the suggestion that, granting the right type of student, discipline, as it is now practised in Catholic colleges, was not only unnecessary, but highly undesirable. I was told that it might be hard to find the "right type of student." But I presume to doubt it, and I shall continue to doubt it until some Catholic college makes an attempt to attract him. That attempt should have been made years ago.

For not only THE COMMONWEAL, which cries for a peculiarly Catholic leadership, but our entire intelligent press is lamenting our lack of leaders and calling for them. If we are ever to have lay Catholic leaders, it should be obvious that we never shall get them from our colleges, so long as they continue to breed what Mr. Walter Lippmann calls "the cautious, calculating and complacent."

I gather that Catholic discipline exists because Catholic parents demand it. Unfortunately this demand has its basis in fear, fear of their heredity and fear of their training. They have had their youngster for some eighteen years. Already he has reached the age where he has begun to question their traditions and their discipline. "We cannot do a thing with him," parents wail, so mother's darling is sent to a Catholic college where his parents' hereditary gifts and their defects in training supposedly are overcome by further babying. In four years, John emerges, no more fitted to solve his own problems, than he was four years before. He has no capacity for leadership because he has been taught only to follow, because someone has been ready, eager, to solve his problems for him. Do I exaggerate? Where, then, are the Catholic leaders, which our colleges have been graduating for the past fifty years?

I have heard that it is the function of education to enable a man to adapt himself to his environment. To his present environment? To a machine civilization? And why? At the risk of laying myself open to punishment from my neighbors as a dangerous psychotic, I should like to note that a system of education which makes a man satisfied with our present civilization would better not have existed. The ideal education ought to consist of constant cerebral stimulation. While it ought to place before a student the collective wisdom of the race, it ought to insist that he do original thinking. It ought to teach him how. It ought to turn him out an individual and not a cog in a machine. Dangerous? Of course. Your individual might

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turn out to be a gadfly to his church or to his state. He might be a disturbing element in our sense of peace and security. But it seems to me that this is a chance which we must take, for he might be a Saint Francis of Assisi or, on a lesser scale, a Dwight Morrow. At least, he would be a man and not a robot.

There is another theory that education should be democratic, which seems to mean that a potential bricklayer, and a good one, ought to have Herodotus shoved down his throat. I do not believe it. Neither do I wish to asperse the bricklayer, but he is wasting good time with Herodotus when he ought to be laying bricks. For him, there should be an aristocracy of bricklayers (rather than the mediocrity insisted upon by labor unions). Education ought to be aristocratic, i.e., it ought to turn potentially superior adolescents into superior men.

The process of education ought not to exclude a lot of fun. I believe in fun. I believe that our ideal student, in common with the mass of humanity, will have so little of it after graduation, that it is incumbent upon the college to see that he gets his full share of it during his undergraduate years. A college does not have to be an appendage to a football team to provide football. It is not a matter of the first importance that it produce intercollegiate champions on the baseball field or track. But it should have some sport for each student. A college education should toughen a man's body just as it should toughen his soul.

For out of sport comes sportsmanship; and our potential leader will need it. Will Catholic colleges take a sporting chance on producing a leader within the next fifty years, or will they all continue in the sheep-raising business? I should like to know, rather.

DONALD POWELL.

A FLITCH FOR FRANCE

Waterville, Me.

TO the Editor: It is no doubt the primary business of weekly reviews like THE COMMONWEAL to give a more mature, sometimes a more dispassionate, impression of current events than is possible for the dailies. The reader counts on that. On the other hand, the many people who read the newspaper huriedly are grateful to their weekly for giving them a summary of what appears, after the lapse of seven days, to have been the most important facts. Such a summary is inevitably misleading when it is incomplete.

Why should the current issue of THE COMMONWEAL subtitle its two paragraphs on the Hoover-Laval conversations, "A Flitch for France," thereby implying that, as usual, the crafty foreigner has hoodwinked the innocent American and stolen his breakfast from him? Above all, why should it reduce its summary to two points and present those two points in a doubtful light?

Your editorial regards as a triumph for M. Laval the President's promise not to initiate any more arrangements concerning a debt moratorium. But what does that promise amount to if not to a mere assurance that France's rights are not to be tampered with, in the future, as they were last June, without at least some consultation with her? Pure Barmecide bacon, this.

Then, about the second point, viz., the linking of reparations with the debts. The arrangement means first of all that France, like America, gives up her share of the conditional payments. But it also means that beside this sacrifice she is willing to make another, viz., to give up 30 percent of the money to which she has a strict right to repair her devastations. The effect of this on Germany's capacity to pay the interest on her American loans is evident and whoever knows me also knows that I am delighted. But why not make this clear to your readers?

Finally, why not say a single word about the French decision to leave in America over two hundred million dollars in gold ear-marked for exportation to France? Had a New York banker written your editorial, he would have been less reticent. For this step is not only a token of France's trust and amity toward the United States, but a positive help, and, as you express it, a substantial flitch of bacon. Let us not discourage good-will by everlasting suspicion of egoism.

REV. ERNEST DIMNET.

USURY AS A NEW ISSUE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: I am not at all certain that I understand the argument in Mr. M. P. Connery's letter on usury in the November 4 issue of THE COMMONWEAL. Can it be that he hopes to abolish all interest taking by the device of issuing an unlimited quantity of money? The best of the theorists in the field of money do not believe that such a plan would have the desired consequence.

Some of your readers may be interested in a more modest proposal for the abolishing of usury in a somewhat restricted field, that is at the present time being put into practice in a goodly number of Catholic parishes in the United States, and which has behind it a successful history of three-quarters of a century in Europe. Essentially it is a plan of saving and lending within a group of parishioners. There are now in approximately three-fourths of the states "credit union" laws, as they are called, which provide for the organization and control of such coöperative savings groups as those represented by the parish credit union. The members of the group save what they can and lend their savings to members who need to borrow a few hundred dollars. The borrowers pay 6 or 7 percent interest on the loan and the lenders receive 5 or 6 percent. There is practically no overhead expense and the funds of the society are perfectly safe. The officials of the society are bonded and their accounts are supervised by the state banking department.

In the last few years the Russell Sage Foundation, a well-known philanthropic organization, has used its influence to secure the passage of laws in some two dozen states which permit persons in the business of making small loans to charge from 36 to 42 percent per annum on such loans. The argument used by the foundation is that the expense of making the small loans is so great that unless these high rates are permitted by law the business will be done outside the law at interest rates very much higher.

The reason that the parish credit unions can lend money at rates as low as 6 percent is, as stated above, that they are practically without overhead expenses. At the recent meeting of the Catholic Rural Life Conference held in Wichita, Kansas, a day was devoted to the study of the experience of the parish credit unions. The general conclusion reached was that the parish credit unions have successfully passed through the experimental stage and that it is now time to urge their general adoption. A resolution adopted by the conference requested pastors to write to the Parish Credit Union National Committee, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C., for information concerning the experience of Catholic parishes with credit unions.

FRANK O'HARA.

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CATHOLIC EDUCATION WEEK

Altoona, Pa.

TO the Editor: THE COMMONWEAL in its frank and forcible editorial, "Catholic Education Week," has spoken right out in meeting, and for doing so is to be greatly commended. It is high time to have the plain truth "frankly, freely, and honestly acknowledged." Surely there is no time better than Catholic Action Week in our schools to proclaim it. And as THE COMMONWEAL urges, "not just for one week—but for the whole year, and every year thereafter."

Who can deny that the main reason for the revolts and persecutions of such Catholic nations as France, Italy, Spain and Mexico has been due to the "moral, intellectual or spiritual fault of Catholics themselves." After due allowance for wholly exterior causes, the main reason lies at the door of the Catholic people of these countries—too much lip service, as the writer puts it, to the ideals of Catholic Action and too little of doing. That has been the great cause of these revolts and persecutions. And what the editor writes concerning Catholic influence in our own country is equally true and striking. Something is wrong when the influence of twenty millions or more Catholic citizens is so weak: in public affairs well-nigh negligible (see recent book for the facts, "Will America Become Catholic?"); in literature, the press, in science, and intellectual life in general where are we? How feebly represented!

Why should it be so? Evidently there is a cause and it is the duty, the urgent duty, of the leaders of Catholic Action, and especially of the heads of our schools and colleges, frankly to recognize the cause and apply the remedy. THE COMMONWEAL writer urges that we accept the facts, as "a challenge, not as a condemnation." Will we do so? Never was there a time when Catholic influence was more sorely needed in all phases of our social and individual life than the present, when the whole world is so upset and troubled. The old order changes. Where shall we find a light and leadership out of the darkness if not in the ideals of Catholic Action, especially in our schools?

Thanks to THE COMMONWEAL for its splendid service in directing attention to plain facts and bitter truths of such vital importance, which too many ignore. They are unpleasant to look at, so we shut our eyes, to our own undoing.

REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

THE CROSS OF WOOD

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor: On the evening of November 14, the Manécanterie of the Little Singers with the Cross of Wood from Paris will give a concert mainly of sacred music in Carnegie Hall at half past eight. The Manécanterie is the sole Catholic choir-school of Paris, and though they have had innumerable and triumphant tours in France and on the Continent, this is their first American one. Since the Manécanterie was the subject of an article by the writer in an issue of THE COMMONWEAL, published not very long ago, I need only say here that I consider this is a musical and social event of the very highest importance.

One of the interesting things about this choir is that it is recruited from very humble people, and hence is obliged to carry on its work almost entirely on voluntary support. This is mainly derived, as readers of my article will recall, by organizing the parochial Sunday Mass and Vespers, in a musical and liturgical sense, in various churches of Paris and its suburbs. This does not occur every week by any means, and when it does it is an event to remember. At other times they sing at high festival services in the most venerable cathedrals and basilicas of their country, and elsewhere. As a body, they have been decorated by the French government, "as a work of high social usefulness," and by His Holiness Pope Pius XI, for their special services to the cause of the liturgy and of sacred music. Many of these boys are already preparing to be priests (and most of them are very real boys, too). Though they have accompanied the late Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Dubois, to Lourdes, they have never before seen the New World.

This is in no sense an advertisement for the Manécanterie. My only connection with it is that I have written of it and admire it, together with its director, the Abbé Maillet. We have wonderful Catholic choirs in this country, and in New York, and these are hard times to be spending one's pennies on concerts, however rewarding. But I do venture to hope that many interested people will know how to give these little fellows from the glorious Catholic Republic of France the welcome, the appreciation and the moral support which they well merit.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

CATHOLICS AND PROHIBITION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: Colonel Callahan in his letter in your issue of November 4, claims that his Association of Catholics Favoring Prohibition is making remarkable headway, but he gives no statistics. My guess is the association has less than two hundred members. Its secretary is able to mention only half a dozen or so prominent Catholics who are prohibitionists.

Colonel Callahan's suggestion is ridiculous that it is the liquor interests that are trying to spread the idea of prohibition being a Protestant doctrine. What good would such propaganda be among a nation in which Catholics number hardly 20 percent of the population? The truth is that prohibition has nothing to do with any moral doctrine of historic Protestantism. Most Protestants outside of America laugh at it, as nearly all Protestants in America until recently would have laughed at it. But through the efforts of the present breed of American Protestant ministers, the idea has become firmly fixed in the popular mind as one of the cardinal tenets of their faith. The Anti-Saloon League, as the Reverend Christian Reisner once boasted, is the Protestant Church of America. It is now too late in the day for Colonel Callahan and his friends to do anything about it. They succeed only in irritating Catholics, without conciliating Protestants, through their attempts to substantiate their thesis that Catholic teaching and tradition are not opposed to prohibition.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

London, England.

TO the Editor: It is intended to publish, in the near future, a volume of the letters of my uncle, the late Father Gerard Manley Hopkins. Many are available, but others are thought to exist in the hands of his various correspondents or their successors. The work of the editor would therefore be made simpler, and the value of the eventual collection be increased, if owners of such letters would be kind enough to lend them to me for the purposes of copying. As is usual in such cases, the letters will be returned under registered covers, and every care will be taken of them while they are out of their owners' hands.

GERARD HOPKINS,
Amen House, Warwick Square, London, E.C. 4.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Geddes Production of Hamlet

A CONSIDERABLE tempest is brewing in the theatrical teapot as a result of the attempt of Norman Bel Geddes to adapt and stage "Hamlet" in a thoroughly modernistic and dynamic fashion. Critical opinion seems to vary between a friendly pat on the back and the outraged dignity of those who hold to the sanctity of every word written by Shakespeare. In all fairness, I think it could be said that Mr. Geddes has brought out certain values in the tragedy in a way which no other production of record has achieved. As an offset to this, it can also be said that certain effects and certain scenes do not go beyond a cheap and damaging theatricality, and that in omitting certain portions of the text, which are absolutely essential to a clear understanding of the dramatic action, Mr. Geddes has quite ruined the play itself, except for those so familiar with the story that they can supply mentally all the missing points.

I do not object in the least to the rough and ready method by which Mr. Geddes has transposed various scenes and elided others because I am certain that, if Shakespeare himself were alive today, he would make many similar transpositions and cut out many portions of useless padding. A point to which I do object strenuously in Mr. Geddes's surgery is where the cuts or elisions have completely destroyed the sequence of motive and action. He has omitted entirely, for example, the scene following Hamlet's killing of Polonius in the queen's bedroom. Now this scene is very important dramatically, because it is here that the king steps in, and has Hamlet arrested and deported. This explains fully why Hamlet, who has been all keyed up to an immediate revenge upon the king, is still found, weeks later, wandering ineffectively around the graveyard. From the complete text, we know that he was banished, set upon by pirates, and that in the graveyard scene he has only just returned to his own land. This not only explains why he has had to delay his vengeance, but also his mystification over the cause of Ophelia's death, and still further why he has been able to make no explanation in the meantime to Laertes, Ophelia's brother. In this case, the omitted scenes are so short that there is no possible excuse for leaving them out. It is never justifiable, except in vaudeville or in some benefit performance, where individual scenes are picked out of a long play, to amputate any part of a play which explains motive or action. Yet this is exactly what Mr. Geddes has done, and the above example is the most flagrant instance. It gives the impression that Mr. Geddes cared more about his scenic effects and his dynamic conception than about the inner meaning and logic of the play itself.

As to the criticism that many of the cuts made and many of the direction devices used transpose the character of Hamlet from the thoughtful neurotic into a personable and vigorous young man, I believe that such an interpretation is entirely within the legitimate limits of what Mr. Geddes is seeking to do. He is not the only one who considers Hamlet as something more than a sickly, philosophic brooder. At the very opposite extreme of production method, Walter Hampden has also brought out very clearly this essentially heroic aspect of Hamlet's character. In the Geddes production, none of the important soliloquies is omitted and this in itself should give as much of the impression of indecision and mental debate as is necessary to any clear understanding of Hamlet's hesitancy. If you follow the sequence of the play carefully, you will see that after his interview with his father's ghost, Hamlet is disturbed by only one serious difficulty—namely, whether or not the ghost might be an evil spirit. To end this doubt, he contrives the play reproducing the scene of his father's murder in order "to catch the conscience of the king." As soon as the king's horror at this scene has convinced Hamlet of the truth of the ghost's assertions, he shows not a single further sign of indecision. He refuses to kill the king when the latter is in prayer—but for the very definite and clear reason that he prefers to slay the king when his mind is turned toward sin rather than heaven. After this, he visits his mother and, according to the explicit instructions of his father's ghost, treats her with respect and tenderness trying, if anything, to win her back from the fruits of her crime. When he hears the commotion behind the curtain, he believes it to be the king and acts instantly. The sword thrust which kills Polonius was obviously intended for the king himself. After this comes the banishment, the scene of Ophelia's burial and finally the duel scene at the court culminating Hamlet's final accomplishment of his revenge. Hamlet may be a thoughtful character to the extent that he draws a nice balance between motives and is quite unlike Othello, who acts instantly on every impulse. But in the very fact that he admits the possibility of his own cowardice and yet acts in complete disregard of it, we have the same quality of heroism which makes a greater hero out of the soldier who conquers his fear than the soldier who knows no fear.

This sense of the heroic Hamlet is well and thoroughly conveyed in all the scenic and directional effects of Mr. Geddes's production, except for the omission of the important scenes I have mentioned. It is also well conveyed in the interpretation of Raymond Massey, a Canadian actor whose chief work up to now has been on the English stage. Mr. Massey has little of the traditional heroics of the Shakespearian actor. His voice is rather light in quality and, at times, a trifle too high pitched for maximum effect. He is also inclined, under the impulse of Mr. Geddes's direction, to rush certain scenes with a swiftness which obscures clarity of diction. In spite of these faults, however, his Hamlet is essentially human, engaging and understandable. Of the other members of the cast, it can at least be said that they are far more adequate than those chosen for many routine productions of Hamlet. Certainly, the Laertes of Colin Keith-Johnston, and the Horatio of Leon Quartermaine are refreshingly individual and clear cut. Mary Servoss, as Queen Gertrude, and David Horn, as King Claudius, emerge as rather pale figures in comparison to the immensity of the tragic setting which Mr. Geddes has created. The Polonius of John Daly Murphy is played perhaps a trifle too much in the comedy vein. Surely no Ophelia, however, has ever been more entrancing or supplied more delightful contrasts than Celia Johnson. She passes from a certain light frivolity into the ultimate tragedy of dementia with sincere and moving grace.

Mr. Geddes has accomplished scenic miracles through the use of shafts of varicolored lights playing upon a fixed structural arrangement which reminds one of the view of some of New York's skyscraper zones from an airplane. By lighting certain parts of this structure and throwing others into deep shadow, he manages to create the illusion of changing scenery. In his use of lighting, moreover, he is never static—that is, the color and intensity of the lighting are varied from minute to minute, following the mood of the performance and catching some of the same rhythm as that emanating from the action of the play itself. The actors apparently use no make-up, relying largely on the effect of the constantly changing lighting. On frequent occasions, cool lights will be playing on one side of their features with warm tints on the other. So far as I know, this forms a unique application in stagecraft of the principle of color vibra-

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tion. These aspects of Mr. Geddes's achievement, I feel, have not received full justice in the majority of critical reports.

In general, then, it is said that the Geddes production suffers primarily from the cuts made in the dramatic sequence itself and in a lesser sense from the shortcomings of the actors who cannot quite equal the stature, the dignity and the tragic proportions of the stage effects. In a minor sense, too, the production suffers from occasional theatrical clap-trap unworthy of the conception as a whole. But Mr. Geddes has certainly demonstrated, as no one has ever done before, how far rhythm in lighting effects, in group movements and in dramatic sequence can be used to supplement and enhance the powers implicit in a play manuscript. (At the Broadhurst Theatre.)

Helen Hayes's Screen Début

COMING close upon the first screen performance of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, we now have the screen début of Helen Hayes whom, as the readers of this department know, I have long regarded as one of the true artists of the American stage. Miss Hayes's first vehicle is "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," based upon the play, "Lullaby," by Edward Knoblock. The screen play, although replete with many dramatic values and carrying very strongly the theme of expiation demanded for sin is weakened decidedly through an excess of sentimentality. It is the story of a woman's gradual sinking into a life of prostitution through her desire to give her illegitimate son a fair start in life. It carries the heroine from youth to old age and culminates in the sacrifice by which she becomes a pensioner of her own son, now a doctor, without permitting him to know her real identity. However strong the main theme may be, the subsidiary theme, that the end justifies the means, is poor sentimentality made subtle through the ingenuity of the dramatist.

The shortcomings of the screen play, however, have nothing to do with the exquisite quality and the amazing resources of Miss Hayes's work. Her artistry is just as persuasive and just as certain and true on the screen as on the stage. It is difficult to see how performances, such as that of Miss Hayes in this play and Miss Fontanne in "The Guardsman," can help but raise enormously the standards of requirements for screen acting. It is also a comfort to see that the work of true artists can render quite unnecessary that immaculate personal beauty which has for so long been one of the major requirements of the screen. Neither Miss Hayes nor Miss Fontanne can be considered as among the professional beauties of the stage, but each has an intelligence and a personal charm that far outweighs any superficial regularity of feature. That screen audiences should prefer the work of such artists to the parade of mannequins of the last few years is encouraging in the extreme.

A Bach Program

THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF MUSIC devoted its November 8 program to Bach and incidentally to the memory of Mrs. Harriet Bishop Lanier, founder and president of the organization, whose recent death deprived the New York musical community of a great and far-sighted benefactor. One heard the "Actus Tragicus," a majestic funeral poem now seldom given on the concert stage, and the "Magnificat," which has received all the encomiums and needs none. The choral singing in both numbers was distinctly first rate, modulation and balance being achieved with seeming ease. An unusually large group of soloists coöperated. Mme. Telva in particular sang with the mellowness which has won her so many friends.

G. N. S.

BOOKS

What Shall the Nursery Read?

SO GREAT is the demand for reading-matter to give young people that obliging bookmakers have offered any number of things during the past year—things the parent, the educator and the young reader (him or herself) ought to look over discriminatingly before parting with still valid dollar bills. But since we seldom spend money for matters more useful than books, each child should have at least one or the other title for its very own. The following list presents a selection from among recent titles sent for review. It cannot claim to be exhaustive—nor infallible. Indeed, it really doesn't aspire to anything more than being as helpful a bulletin board as the writer can furnish.

First of all, there are a number of reprints in more or less smart clothes. Charles Scribner's Sons offers "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, jr., with pictures by N. C. Wyeth ($3.50). This stirring, wholesome Kentucky romance has retained its charm safely enough, and can be offered to most older children with absolute assurance. The same publishers offer "The Children's Bible" ($2.50), a selection of narratives from the Old and New Testaments translated and arranged by Henry A. Sherman and Charles Foster Kent. Illustrations by various artists help to render the volume attractive. While Catholic parents will prefer an edition of the Scriptures prepared by some one of their own faith, it must be conceded that the present work is excellent in every particular. There is no commentary, the language is refreshingly apt.

Francis Parkman's "Oregon Trail," with pictures by the indefatigably virile James Daugherty, is offered by the Junior Literary Guild. (It may as well be said here that this and other volumes sponsored by the Guild are to be secured either through subscription, which provides one book a month, or separately as issued by some publisher and supplied by the book store.) This is manifestly one of the best books ever written about the West, and everybody likes the West. The Guild also offers "The Omnibus Jules Verne," illustrated by Helene Carter, which contains the four stories of this truly magnificent writer which appeal most directly to young people. It would be difficult for me to say how I have enjoyed Verne's "Mysterious Island"—both as a school-boy who ought to have been studying arithmetic, or as a slightly more mature person—and the thought that it is now packed into a single well-printed book with three other good, long yarns makes me wish harder than ever that I were a boy again. Another Guild offering, "The Omnibus of Romance," is a collection of novelettes which the editor, Mr. John Grove, hopes "will conjure up the very spirit of romance in an age much too realistic." The authors range from Chateaubriand to Hergesheimer, and their material is really good. But it is hard to believe in the value of short-story collections for young people. Even older citizens seldom read them.

We shall now hasten to the littlest people. "The Farmer in the Dell," by Berta and Elmer Hader, is just the book for the child who has been out in the country and wondering what the farmer is about. Delightful pictures, some in entrancing color, illustrate a simple text devoted to the crops and animals (The Macmillan Company. $2.50). Associated with this is "The Picture Book of Animals" (Junior Literary Guild), which is an American edition of a volume of 150 excellent photographs of beasts—from house dogs to zoo headliners—taken by a quite discriminating German camera man. "Diggers and Builders"

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(The Macmillan Company. $2.00) is devoted to the men who build roads and large structures. The men who operate steam shovels, cement mixers, trucks and derricks are all made real with the help of text and pictures. A good idea, even if it sounds a trifle drab! "Milly and Her Village," written and illustrated by Agnes Lehman, seems to me one of the most useful little books on this year's list. It is the story of a tiny girl who lives in Rhens, on the Rhine. What she does and sees, even in Oberammergau, constitutes the substance of a narrative written for American youngsters. If these last read it, they are sure to have a good time (The Macmillan Company. $1.50). "The Picture Book of Houses," by E. A. Verpilleux (The Macmillan Company. $2.00), seems to me relatively useless. It is a rather ill-assembled group of pictures and commentaries to show different kinds of houses people have lived, and do live, in. "Once There Was a Big Crocodile," by "Margaret," is not half so terrifying as the title indicates (The Macmillan Company. $1.50). Most of it is comprised of rollicking, colorful pictures of animals, with especially entrancing elephants. This is an American issue of a German book.

There are many, many other publications for tiny tots. Harcourt, Brace and Company issue these: "The Truce of the Wolf," by Mary Gould Davis, with pictures by Jay Van Everen ($2.00), tales of old Italy, with a mildly religious flavor, somewhat oddly illustrated but having initial letters of rare charm; "Little Pear," by Eleanor Frances Lattimore ($2.00), the story of a little Chinese boy, aged five, with the atmosphere to which we have lately grown rather accustomed, but literally showered with charming vignettes; "Pinafores and Pantalets," by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis ($2.00), the answer to, "Mother, tell us about when you were a little girl," with a background of New York in the sixties, not much action, but pleasingly concrete and domestic; and "The Spindle Imp," by Alida Sims Malkus, with drawings by Erick Berry ($2.00), one of those inevitable Maya books, which I personally would not give a child unless he positively cried for it, which isn't likely. E. P. Dutton and Company offer: "The Coming of the Dragon Ships," by Florence Everson and Howard Everson, with drawings by Edgar P. D'Aulaire ($2.00), a tale of old Iceland with a semi-saga quality, not oversupplied with plot but nevertheless rich in incident, illustrated by one of the really striking artists of the current book crop; "Chin Chin Chinese Man," by Frances Nowlin Head, illustrated by Janet Laura Scott ($2.00), the Orientals again, but in verse this time, some of it neat and attractive; "Wonder Windows," by Eugenia Eckford ($2.00), the work of a teacher, designed to tell children how the Japanese print, the Navahos make blankets, and the Dutch manufacture Delft tiles—among other things. The Macmillan Company would bait little readers with: "The Treasure Ship Sails East," by various people ($2.00), a palatable lesson in Eastern geography, the Treasure Ship going to Africa, India, Japan, China and the Near East, and enabling the passengers to stop long enough in all to see something of children and customs; "The Sparrow of Ulm," by Grace Gilkison ($1.00), pleasant short tales of the illustrious sparrow, the no less mighty jackdaw of Rheims, and several other well-known birds; and "Great Grandmother's Piece-Book," compiled by Elizabeth MacCracken ($100), a collection, with "Meddlesome Matty" and other old favorites. Finally, the fascinating Mr. D'Aulaire has illustrated "The Needle in the Haystack," by John Matheson (The Guild or William Morrow. $2.50), which recounts what happened to Billy and Jean when they investigated the magic haystack. The book is a bit inchoate, but has its share of fun and interest.

At this point it is proper to begin telling what has been done by publishers for girls of several ages. By way of a preface, however, I should like to call your attention to "The Cobbler's Apprentice," by Patricia Lynch, which is so good a story for children of all ages that its virtues deserve special advertising (Dublin: The Talbot Press, who unfortunately sent no comment on the price, which is probably about $2.00). Shamus is, to be sure, not an absolutely original Irish character, and the folk—elvish or otherwise—with whom he deals have been heard of before, but Miss Lynch has put them into a fascinating narrative which Mildred R. Lamb has illustrated very nicely. And now we must really be on our way.

Whether or not girls will like "Saints by Firelight," by Vera Barclay (The Macmillan Company. $1.75), one cannot tell. But they really should. Here are sketches of eight saints —Elizabeth, Zita, Brigid, Margaret, Genevieve, Perpetua, Clare and Teresa—written for Girl Scouts by an English woman who has had a great deal of experience with camp fires. Each life is made to illustrate a virtue; the narrative is sprightly without being flippant in the least. A very useful little book! A religious motif is likewise sounded by Margaret Sangster in "Six Women along the Way from Bethlehem to Calvary" (New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. $2.00). These are imaginative but none the less quite scriptural narratives of Mary the Mother of God, and of three lesser women who figure in the life of Our Lord. The story of the mother of Barabbas is, in its way, a remarkably fine thing. Older girls are sure to welcome this book, and it can only benefit them. Mabel L. Robinson's "Robin and Tito," the chronicle of a little American girl's sojourn in Sicily, is unusually well written (The Macmillan Company. $2.00). Those matters one so often misses in juveniles—deft characterization, fidelity to the details of a locale—are all attended to here in a swift and engrossing book. There are some interesting and typical girls in "Luck of Lowry," by Josephine Daskam Bacon (Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50). Perhaps the story itself isn't so very thrilling, but practically anybody would become absorbed in the fortunes of Barbara, the heroine, and her friends. The book likewise has a certain pedagogical value. "Alice and Thomas and Jane," by Enid Bagnold (The Guild or Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50), is concerned with scenery and events affiliated with the English Channel. It is a bit odd and "special," perhaps, but there is some good writing and not a few likable pictures. Mildred Criss offers a charming and out-of-the-ordinary book in "Martine and Michel" (Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.00). Martine is the daughter of a fairly absent-minded artist whose sketches of the Jura Mountain country must have been distinguished, but who required considerable looking after. This care Martine supplies, with the help of an enterprising peasant youth. Much attractive nature and animal lore adds to the value of a story which needs only a little pulling together to make it first-rate. THE COMMONWEAL has just published Miss Brégy's paper about Tadoussac, in French Canada. "Gay Madelon" (The Guild or Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00) is about the same place, excepting that the heroine is a lively little Canadian girl who sees and does a great many things. Ethel Calvert Phillips is the author. There are some good pictures, by Wilhelm Reetz, in "A Doll, Two Children and Three Storks," translated from the Italian of Teresah by Dorothy Emmrich (E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50). Unfortunately the story, which concerns itself with the adventures of toys in a Nuremberg shop, is a little difficult to follow. "Nicolina," by Esther Brann (who also draws children very well), is the story of a

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little girl in Italy (The Macmillan Company. $2.00). It is a simple, attractive narrative in which a trip to Florence furnishes most excitement. "Peggy Moran," by Ruth Irma Low (Benziger Brothers. $1.00), has a taste of Dickens about it. Owing to a fortunate accident, a poor family has a good time for once in its life. Other publications for girls include: "The Story of Princess Elizabeth," by Anne Ring (E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00); "Heralds of the King," by Gertrude Crownfield (E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50); and "The Story of Saint Joan," by Clare F. Oddie (Longmans, Green and Company. $1.00).

All sorts of literary excitement is in store for boys—so much, indeed, that only an arbitrary selection of titles can be listed here. An excellent idea underlies "Conquistador," by E. J. Craine (Duffield and Green. $2.50). The author has retold the story of Don Pedro Cierza of Leon from that gentleman's diaries—the record of travel from Spain to Peru, as a boy, in 1519, and of adventures which thereupon befell this intrepid Spaniard. Unfortunately the narrative is somewhat amateurishly written; but it is a good, useful book none the less. Another instalment of Will James's commentary on the land where men are men appears in "Sun-Up," a collection of breezy stories all of which have action and realism. It is likewise a handsome volume (The Guild or Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50). "Señor Zeno," by Henry Justin Smith, looks like a real find for boys of twelve and over. The narrative is based on the legend that Columbus's Santa Maria carried a stowaway, and incorporates a great deal of historical information. It is true that the book is the work of a man who is, perhaps, a stylist of sorts rather than a story-teller, but no boy I know of will demand an apology from Mr. Smith (Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50). "The Treasure Valley," by L. Lamprey (William Morrow and Company. $2.50), is a tale of the Third Crusade well illustrated by Margaret Freeman. It would not be surprising if romance of this kind captivated many boys and girls. Of a somewhat similar character is "Out of the Flame," written by Eloise Lownsbery and illustrated by Elizabeth Tyler Wolcott (The Guild or Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50). The hero is the nephew of the Chevalier de Bayard. This book is not written for Catholic children, and I doubt if they are missing a great deal. Whether "The Marvelous Boy," by Ernst Penzoldt, is intended for boys is likewise dubious, but it is a singularly beautiful and impressive life of Chatterton (Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50).

Other titles must be summarized hastily. The Macmillan Company offers: "Swain's Saga," by A. D. Howden Smith $2.50), a tale of Viking life in the Orkney Islands of yore, swiftly told; and "Napoleon's Story Book," by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell ($2.00), a collection of legends which the Great Corsican "probably" enjoyed as a boy. Longmans, Green and Company suggest: "The Long Defense," by Friedrich Donauer, English translation by Frederick Taber Cooper ($2.00), a well-written Germany story of the fall of Constantinople; and "Northern Lights," translated by Edith M. G. Jayne from the Norwegian of Mikkjel Fonhus and illustrated by James Reid ($2.00), a book about living and hunting in Lapland. Harcourt, Brace and Company have published: "Zeke," by Mary White Ovington ($2.00), a sympathetic tale of an Alabama Negro boy who went away to school; "Max," by Mabelle Halleck St. Clair ($2.00), the story of a little black bear and his collie playmate; and "Away to Sea," by Stephen W. Meader ($2.50), a really first-class narrative of a New England farmer lad who ran off to sea in 1821 and, as a result, met with all sorts of exciting adventures no longer possi-

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NEXT WEEK

OKLAHOMA'S GOVERNOR is as pretty nearly everyone in the United States must know, "Alfalfa Bill" Murray. To most of us this man is a phenomenon or a legend—something which we do not feel sure we understand and about which we remain in doubt because we do not know when our sources of information are being serious. J. B. Dudek, however, in an article which will appear in two parts, the first next week, settles the dilemma for us. He depicts for us the oddities of the man that have occasioned the growing legend about him, and he also describes his solid qualities, which make the man real, a notable personality of our times. . . . GANDHI AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, by the Reverend J. Steenkiste, S.J., who writes from India, is a searching analysis not only of the probable effect of the ascendance of Gandhi as the supreme leader of the people of India, on the Church and the work of many years of the missionaries there, but also of the effect of the Church, its doctrine and its works, on the contemporary civilization of India. . . . AN ANALYSIS, by M. P. Connery, inquires into the probable effects of the three most widely touted panaceas for the present economic depression: the five-day week, maintenance of the present wage scale and large government expenditure for public works. In particular he examines the effect of these things on interest on capital and the rate of accumulation of interest which determines a surplus, or segregation of idle capital, that causes a fall in prices and a cycle of depression. . . . A MEXICAN PAINTER, by Frank C. Hanighen, is a critique of the work of Diego Rivera, *enfant terrible of* Mexican painting who Mr. Hanighen finds is showing signs of gentleness and some sympathy for the things which he has heretofore dealt with with gross savageness. Indirectly the cause of this change was Dwight Morrow.

ble in our prosaic times. E. P. Dutton and Company have issued: "Peter," by Juliska Daru and Charlotte Lederer ($2.50), a story of Hungary in the days after Stephen the Pretender, with quite a little exotic charm; and "Tim Kane's Treasure," by C. M. Bennett ($2.00), a pirate story, not above the average, but readable. The Century Company's list includes "Daniel Boone, Pioneer," by Flora Warren Seymour ($2.00), a simple, straightforward biography of the famous Kentucky backwoodsman.

Books of a more practical nature are also on the table. "The Boys' Life of Washington," by Helen Nicolay (The Century Company. $2.50), is a brightly written and well-informed biography of the nation's first great man. It is commendably free of the awkward hero-worship which usually distorts such books. "North America," by Lucy Sprague Mitchell, is a kind of sketchy history-geography of our continent. Overwritten to some extent, it is nevertheless an informative book, not more materialistic than the land it describes (The Guild or The Macmillan Company. $4.00). "Heroes of Civilization," by Joseph Cottler and Haym Jaffe (Little, Brown and Company. $3.00), is a volume about inventors, scientists and explorers. The sketches take in people from Marco Polo to Gregor Johann Mendel, and virtually every one of them is interesting. "Playing Theatre," by Clare Tree Major, contains six little plays for children (Oxford University Press. $3.00). It is one of the most useful of such books.

Now for dessert. Reserved for the very last are two books which nobody interested in literature for children ought to overlook. "The Lewis Carroll Book," edited by Richard Herrick and illustrated by John Tenniel and Henry Holiday, is certainly one "collected works" to be grateful for. Four admirable stories follow in regular order: the two "Alices," "A Tangled Tale," and "The Hunting of the Snark." A brief introduction and some passages from letters are included. The type is good, the volume not unwieldy. In short, a first-rate performance (The Dial Press. $3.00). The story of "Siegfried," with pictures by Peter Hurd, seems at first sight only another illustrated edition (Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50). But in this volume, sturdy old Norse myths are retold with so much effectiveness and illustrated so appealingly, that one immediately senses the absolute rightness of the work. And, after all, a little of Siegfried will do nobody any harm. Which is all there is to be said this time.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

A Problematical Roman

The Life and Times of Marc Antony, by Arthur Weigall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00.

FEW PERIODS of history could surpass in exciting interest to the serious student and to the general reader alike the thrilling final years of the Roman Republic. Greater pity, then, that Mr. Weigall, in his diligent amassing of the rich store of dramatic narrative poured out by ancient historians and biographers, has not more carefully subjected his vivid tale to the colder light of historical inquiry. No period in history is more colored by the partizan views of the ancients; none for its impartial appraising has greater need of the aid of scientific research. And yet in this study, in which "historians" are repeatedly criticized for lack of zealous questioning (see pages 155, 181, 370, 437), one seeks in vain for reference to many well-known names: Boissier, Botsford, Warde Fowler, Frank, Heitland, Holmes or Eduard Meyer. Herein the picturesque story or detail or vision described by Plutarch or Appian or

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Suetonius (and so on) are too often recorded as sober history, while our author himself stoutly maintains his own critical stand. Here is revived Beesly's defense of Catiline: the Catilinarian conspiracy "was an understandable revolt against an aristocratic tyranny," and "in after years Antony had no reason to be ashamed of his stepfather" (Lentulus) "or of the cause for which he died." Cleopatra was "a brave, tenacious, anxious woman," whose memory is still today blackened by Octavian's "ridiculous tales"; struggling not only for ambition's sake, but in defense of herself and Caesar's son from that "gnawing dread of Octavian which haunted her thoughts by day and night." Cicero is the "two-faced old orator" who "poured such filthy and lying abuse" in the "devilish" Philippics upon the "healthy-minded, robust and simple Antony." Here is copious description of the undoing of this simple and generous Antony in his devotion to Cleopatra: "He loved her passionately; and yet, so close is love to hate, their relationship was like a skyscape of sun and thunderclouds shot through with murderous flashes." No one may bring against Mr. Weigall's book his criticism that "we are so apt to overlook the personal element in high affairs of world-wide importance."

The cautious student might cavil at loose statements in this spicy narrative, such as: "In 129 B.C. Scipio was murdered" (p. 21); Sulla divorced his wife because a death in his house would be "unlucky" (p. 50). Was not Sulla a pontiff, conscientiously zealous for his office's repute? From page 128 it would seem that the *Lex Pompeia de provinciis* was aimed at Cicero rather than primarily at Caesar; on page 218 the famous cry, "You too, Brutus, my *son*," is attributed to the dying Caesar, and half-a-dozen references are made elsewhere in the text to the rumor of this natural bond; on page 350 the disputed question of Asinius Pollio's aid to Virgil through Octavian is here no question, neither (on page 35) does the strife of Schütz and Kirchner regarding Horace's fifth Satire appear to trouble the confident surging of Mr. Weigall's course. A careful eye also might detect some twenty errors in the reading of proof.

Yet here is much wheat in spite of tares, a bountiful feast of history mingled with historical romance; nor will romance hinder for the general reader much profitable informing on the story of the republic's latter days.

ELEANOR SHIPLEY DUCKETT.

The Not-so-perfect Muse

The Perfect Love and Other Poems, by Robert R. Hull. Huntington, Indiana: Three Worlds Press. $1.00.

WHEN, in the first and titular poem of this book, one comes, in line four, upon the phrase "Its transports o'er me steal!", it would be justifiable to put it aside as just one more exhibit of the inept vanity that betrays men and women into the ridiculous, once they have been bitten by the insidious germ of poetic aspiration. If, however, one reads further with the malicious intent of deriving amusement, one will presently be surprised: first by a robust sonority that sometimes swells from the lines of this writer who is unabashed by, or perhaps unaware of, the fact that the imagists and their followers of the various modern schools frown upon sonority; and again by occasional flashes of magical phrase which dart like javelins from the dry bushes of these verses. Thus in this same titular poem there is music:

> "O palpitating hearts of men, responding
> When fingers touch some sweet forgotten chord
> And measured mem'ries point the soul desponding
> To the lost home and dwelling of your Lord,"

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and again:

"So then, O soul, that paces without ceasing,
Within your prison, seeking to be free,
From melancholy self, how sweet, how pleasing
To lose yourself in God's eternity!"

Mr. Hull, as we shall have to show, perpetrates some amazing and amusing offenses, but no one without a lively fragment of the poetic soul in him could write the following stanza, and particularly the last line of it:

"Darkly within the fort, impregnable
To all despairing ones,
There sleeps the dragon-heart
That I shall pierce with my swift-winging dart
And from the wound let varicolored suns!"

Mr. Hull's strength and weakness alike are largely due to his discipleship to William Blake, avowed in his preface and in more than one of the compositions in this volume. But as to the formal side of verse-writing, Blake is a dangerous master. It is easier to imitate the majesty of Milton or the music of Tennyson than the simplicity of "The Lamb," "The Little Black Boy," "Infant Joy" and "The Chimney Sweeper." Mr. Hull's assumption that Blake's example gives license to write down in all innocence whatever plain phrase pops into the head, leads to such "poetry" as:

"When my darling scolds me and fusses 'round
I can scarce restrain my mirth . . ."

"It's too sweet for anything! . . ."

"Oh! it's sweet to be bossed by Agnes! . . ."

"And 'six bits' spent I at the door . . ."

"Just wished to get a litle 'pep' . . ."

"The orchestra was jazzing 'right' . . ."

These delightful lines are not only far from Blake, but from the author's own:

"It storms the bars
Of frightened stars;
Audacious, daring,
Its query flings
In the face of gods:—
Sinks back, despairing!"

and:

"Just as I started down the lane
Behind the hill the sun
Came up and shook his ruddy mane
With right good-will a race to run
Against the scudding clouds."

It is of course no uncommon thing to find writers gifted with some essential poetic qualities but wholly without artistic sense.

Variable and undependable—not to say unpredictable—on the formal side, what has Mr. Hull's book to offer in substance and content? It is difficult to answer. Some of his poems, like "Expostulation to Beauty," seem to indicate that here is a Catholic poet of original gifts. Others seem Catholic in meaning under mystic phraseology. Still others seem to verge on pantheism, as Blake seems to, when God, apparently, is identified with nothing a theologian could recognize but rather with something perhaps most simply designated the robust and lusty life-

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force. Mr. Hull in his preface indicates that the Three Worlds Press, improvised for the purpose of issuing this book, is, in his hopes, to be the rally-point for a poetic movement which will have Blake as prophet and patron saint. But his present volume is plainly too feeble a call to effectuate that hope. His creed seems to be a joyous possession, which he likes to sing about; but toward any serious messianic labor he does not seem inclined. So he has made up a book in which whatever high and serious thing he has to say gets lost amid much trifling. It seems unlikely that he will ever be a twentieth-century Blake. But he may write some strange and lovely things.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Simple Annals

The Bridal Gown: A Novel of Iceland, by Kristmann Gudmundsson. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.50.

THERE is an admirable quality which the Scandinavian writers have in common. Manliness in a particular sense describes it. Sturdiness, cleanness and simplicity are other terms that come to mind. In Scandinavian literature, physical passions may sway the men and women, but never prurience. No doubt this is largely explainable by their athletic, natural healthiness. Whatever the particular quality is, it is the very opposite of neuroticism. And that does not mean to say that the people are simply animal, and mentally, perceptively, rather thick. They are subtle, they are richly human, their perceptions are keen and they have an endearing sense of humor born of understanding and sympathy. These generalities apply to the book in question because it falls naturally into the general type of Scandinavian literature. The fact that the scene is a valley in Iceland, is purely factitious; it might have been as well in Norway or Sweden or Denmark.

Anyone who has enjoyed the works of Knut Hamsun, or Selma Lagerloff, or Olaff Dunn, or Sigrid Undset, will enjoy this book by Kristmann Gudmundsson. He shares the other's power of weaving a story which, like life, is composed of stories within stories; which may have its principal character or characters, yet does not isolate them like botanical specimens on a pin but presents them in all the rich context of the life around them. And though the stage is alive with characters, their lineaments are never hazy; there is never confusion. The observations of nature in this book are of exquisite beauty.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

A Religious Pioneer

Sister Louise, by Sister Helen Louise, S.N.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. $5.00.

IT IS good no less for religious communities than for nations to have models of greatness among their pioneer ancestors set clearly before them. Therefore the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, especially those of the United States, must be grateful to Sister Helen Louise for her biography of their worthy American foundress, Sister Louise. Students of American Catholic history must also be grateful in that this book furnishes a very important chapter in this history, that of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.

The general reader will be better pleased with the first half of the book than with the second, for the one is an entrancing history of a fine religious community and an attractive biography, whereas the other is made up largely of quotations from the spoken words and writings of Sister Louise illustrative of her character. The whole makes an excellent book of spiritual reading appropriate for the use of religious communities.

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This year marks the centenary of the birth of Lewis Carroll. In celebration of this event The Dial Press has just published:—

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There is no one too old, and few too young, to appreciate the gift of this book, so appropriate in matter and price for this year of grace. It is a book for children to grow up with and for grown-ups to find joy in without end. It is bound strongly in fine blue cloth with gold foil letters on a handsomely embossed back, and jacketed brightly as befits a Christmas gift.

A certain number of copies of The Lewis Carroll Book have been bound in beautiful Three-Quarter Crushed Levant Leather with gold tops for those who wish a more luxurious edition for a special gift or for their own library. The price of this handsome edition is only $7.50 a copy. It may be had either in blue green or maroon. Blue cloth edition is $3.00.

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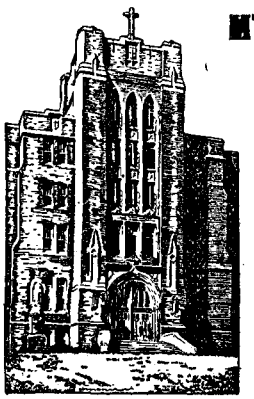

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Briefer Mention

The Romantic Quest, by Hoxie Neale Fairchild. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.50.

PUBLICATIONS concerned with Romanticism have multiplied rapidly during recent years, but students of the problem will nevertheless extend a cordial welcome to Professor Fairchild's new book. He makes the initial point that naturalism, mediaevalism and transcendentalism are "three streams of tendency especially full and strong," and then proceeds to consider all of them in the work of several major English poets. The discussion of naturalism is as keen and comprehensive as anything the present reviewer has seen. No lack of poise mars a discussion with which one may not always agree but which one must universally respect. Mediaevalism does not fare quite as well at Professor Fairchild's hands, possibly because he has little understanding of the religious problems involved. The various chapters on transcendentalism manifest the same weakness, but from their own point of view are exceedingly good. On the whole, here is a book no student can ignore, and which even the general reader will find informative and appealing.

The Song of God, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.50.

THERE are several good English versions of the "Bhagavad-Gita," but Dhan Gopal is apparently the first Hindu to have completed a successful translation. He believes that a knowledge of this book is requisite to an understanding of the Hindu mind, and calls attention to Gandhi's statement of indebtedness to the poem. The present reviewer has no knowledge of Sanskrit, but he finds in the Mukerji verse a real distinction and appositeness. The introduction and notes are clear and usable. This may prove the standard version of the "Bhagavad-Gita."

Strict Joy, by James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

IN JAMES STEPHENS meticulous imagination may fairly be said to have been wedded to whimsy. His poems are always right of outline, but what is in them is something very like a cloud—something in part a mysticism and in part a glimpse of life in fleeting silhouette against the sky. The present little book is true to its author. Stephens's best poems are not in it, nor are his worst. But nobody who pays more than lip-service to poetry will care to miss the bitter and beautiful flame of "In Memoriam," or the strict perfection of "Cadence." And there are many other quite unforgettable things.

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